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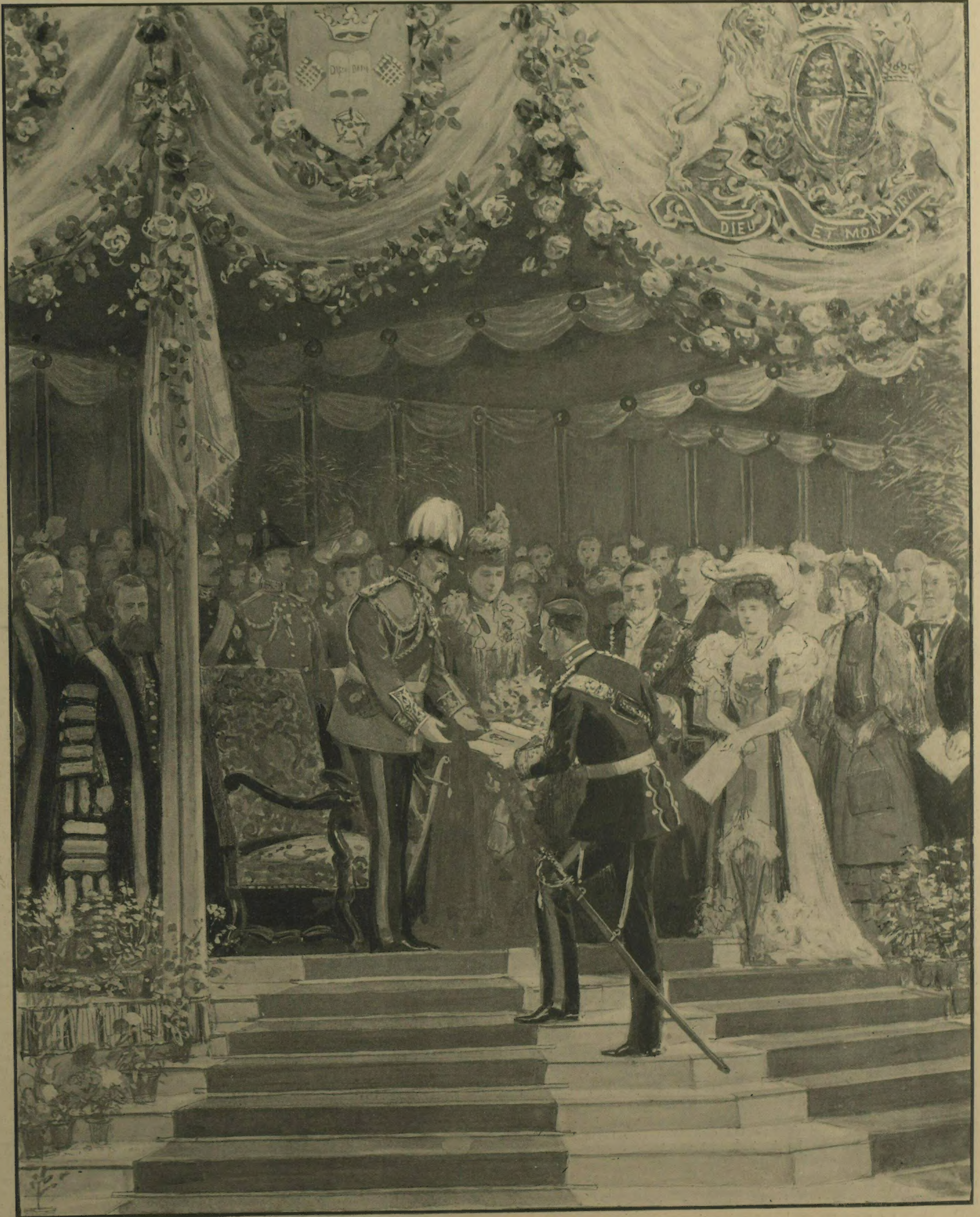
SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1905.

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Lady Mary Howard.



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Queen.

Mr. Stephenson.

Lady Mayoress of Sheffield.

The Master Cutler.

THE ROYAL OPENING OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD, JULY 12: MR. H. K. STEPHENSON PRESENTING THE KEY TO THE KING.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SHEFFIELD.

On arrival at the new University of Sheffield, the youngest in the world, the King was presented with an address from the Council and Senate. Then, the Duke of Norfolk, as Chancellor, having explained the position of the University, his Majesty declared the building open, amid a scene of great enthusiasm.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The Mulligan of Ballymulligan should have been in the House of Commons when Mr. Patrick O'Brien asked for a Parliamentary band. For a trifling addition to the national expenditure you might have music on the Terrace, and the member who was detained in the House by transactions he could not decently escape would beat his breast like the Wedding Guest when he heard the loud bassoon. The Mulligan, unless I am greatly mistaken in him, would have moved the adjournment to discuss a matter of urgent public importance, namely, the requisition for the House of Commons of the instrument which "laughs melodious and weeps harmonious as ye char-rum it." This is what he said to Miss Perkins at the celebrated ball, touching the piano which that young lady was charming; but the harp would be the theme of his eloquence in the House—the har-rup that once in Tara's halls the soul of music shed. Why shouldn't it shed that soul on the Terrace, while The Mulligan and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, and their comrades and kinsmen, sit transported by the melodies of their native land?

If the base and brutal Saxon had any imagination he would fall in with this scheme. He would engage some beautiful daughter of Erin to play the harp and soothe the savage bosoms of her compatriot M.P.s when they were justly enraged against the minions of the Castle. An Irish gentleman in the House is never without a story of how he was mishandled by the police, who dragged him mercilessly from his rostrum when he was addressing his constituents. He unfolds this bitter wrong to the Mother of Parliaments, and is met by evasion or indifference. He sits in his place, with his hat drawn moodily over his brows; and any sympathetic eye can see that he is meditating treasons, stratagems, and spoils. But suppose that at this moment the liquid notes of the harp fell upon his ear, and wove round his rebellious soul the spell of "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," you would see his sad features break into a smile as the poetry and traditions of his country spread their healing balm. If I were First Commissioner of Works I should have music on the Terrace at tea-time, and in the dining-room, where, after a heated debate in the afternoon, members could assuage their ire with symphonies as well as cutlets. Nay, I should go so far as to appoint a songstress to the Ladies' Gallery, so that the Speaker, when distraught by uproar on points of order, might restore a thoughtful calm by bidding her discourse. Say that he frowns, I own that he'll prevail, and sing as sweetly as the nightingale. How easy to conduct debates in that spirit, if music, heavenly maid, were the coadjutor of the Chair!

A rather peppery philosopher, who is discontented with the present state of parties in the House, advises one of them to withdraw and leave the other to tyrannise by itself. "When Cromwell found that the Rump was an illegal Junto, he said, 'Take away that Bauble.'" The Opposition, says this peppery writer, should not do this: they should leave the Bauble, wash their hands of the Bauble, and go and tell their constituents. My suggestion is not so stringent: it is that the Leader of the Opposition, after the usual provocation, guillotine, and so forth, should rise and say: "Mr. Speaker, I do not propose to turn my back on the Bauble. I shall take a lesson from that noble woman Mrs. Micawber, and never desert the Bauble. But after what I have suffered at the hands of the right honourable gentleman I shall let him play with the Bauble alone for the rest of the sitting. Sir, my friends and I have decided to go out and listen to the band!" For this emergency the harp that once in Tara's halls would scarcely suffice. To the accompaniment of bagpipes the indignant statesman might solace himself and his followers by singing: "I canna, canna, winna, winna, canna buckle to." I should not be surprised if the lonely manipulator of the Bauble, who, like his opponent, is an eminent Scot, found the game dull, and obtained the leave of the House to have that charming old ballad arranged as a duet. Thus would peace be made, and the public business dismissed as trifling.

I do not expect this suggestion to be adopted, for many politicians, in their professional moments, would treat music as an intruder. A story is told of a great political club, of which John Bright was an honoured member, that on the eve of a General Election some daring spirit proposed that all the candidates of the party should muster in the hall, and march round it to the strains of a band, singing stimulating songs, such as "Scots Wha Hae" and the "Men of Harlech." "This would give 'em a splendid filip," said the audacious man; "and it would please Scotland and Wales, where our prospects are brighter than they are elsewhere." "Sir," said John Bright, "when that proposal is carried out, I shall cease to be a member of this club!" Some progressive minds are not open to innovation. Music is not altogether divorced from

politics, for the candidate is sometimes received at the railway-station by a brass band and "See the Conquering Hero Comes." But strife needs no stimulus; we want to soften controversy, not inflame it. I should not advise militant members of the Scottish Churches to read Mr. Andrew Lang's "John Knox" to the sound of shawms. The dulcimer is better in such a case; or something plaintive on the oboe. The natural man is strong in Scottish controversy; and if he is to restrain himself when Mr. Lang is dealing faithfully with the great Presbyter, he must have an instrument which "weeps harmonious" indeed.

I have been waiting for somebody to tell us what is the benefit conferred on mankind by the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race. It demanded, says Mr. Henry Norman, eighty miles of public road, the services of eight thousand soldiers and police, and locomotives driven by a few sportsmen at eighty or ninety miles an hour, and the risk of their lives. "The effect on public opinion is bad," adds Mr. Norman, who cannot be accused of a bias against motor-cars. The effect is bad because it confuses racing-cars with ordinary cars in the public mind, and encourages that love of speed for its own sake which is the motorist's particular demon. The great advantages of the motor-car industry within reasonable bounds are obvious; but it is also obvious that no public will allow these cars to be driven on the high road without restraint, and that the practice of this restraint, difficult enough by its very nature, is made more difficult by the manufacture of high-power machines and the advertisement they get from Mr. Gordon-Bennett. What is the good of them to the community? They cannot be used except at a vast expense. Mr. Norman puts the cost of the race in Auvergne at a hundred thousand pounds. Does anyone suppose that if this business were prohibited the making of cars for the rational purposes of pleasure and convenience would suffer in the slightest degree?

There is an unreasoning prejudice against motor-cars, no doubt; but some motorists adopt odd methods of dealing with it. I read a return lately of the number of vehicles on a particular high-road. With the help of several thousand bicycles, the statistician was able to show that the horse-drawn carriages were in a minority. I question whether the cyclists will be altogether pleased with their position in this galley, for the motor-car is not exactly the object of their affection. But what is the point of this return? It can scarcely be maintained that most of the people who use the high roads are motorists, or that any minority must suffer some curtailment of existing rights because it is a minority. If there were only three horses on a road, the owners would be just as much entitled to the use of that road as the owners of thirty motor-cars. The policeman whose uplifted hand checks the motion of a hundred vehicles, that half-a-dozen pedestrians may cross a London street, offers a useful lesson to the compilers of statistics. Above all, if he wishes to conciliate public opinion, the motorist must wrestle with that demon of his, and understand that his superior speed gives him no supremacy of roads that were not made for him.

Sir Oliver Lodge has been citing a medical expert who says it is an excellent thing to lose one's teeth, for that may be a symptom of expanding brain. He holds, at any rate, that it is unreasonable to demand a brain of unusual dimensions together with teeth of the first quality. Nature regards this as too large an order. We are apt to deal with her as if she kept shop on the plan of the Army and Navy Stores, extended and glorified, and ever ready to rig us out on the most favourable terms. No, my friend; if you want to dazzle the world with the size and brilliancy of your mind, don't count upon two rows of immaculate incisors. If you expect to retain your power of mastication in its pristine vigour, and to command your dental consonants to the end of a long career, you must be content with quite a moderate intellect.

Perhaps it is just as well that the choice is not left to us. We should all plump for brain, and become as wise, perhaps, and as brittle as the lunar gentlemen in Mr. H. G. Wells's "First Men in the Moon." Their brains were conspicuous in enormous bumps; but a slight tap on a lunar skull shattered it like an egg-shell. I mention this as a useful warning to ambitious mothers who may be disposed to rejoice when Jane and Tommy complain that their molars are beginning to loosen. It is really providential that the thickness of Tommy's skull prevents his brain from expanding too much. But if one's intelligence is not brightened when one's molars are absentees, how is it that Don Pedro and Claudio, in "Much Ado About Nothing," are blind to the injustice which is so plain to old Leonato and his brother? "We were like to have our heads bitten off by two old men without teeth," says Claudio, after the encounter with Hero's father and her uncle. A new light on Shakspeare's irony, surely!

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Balfour applied the guillotine to the Aliens Bill, which is timed to pass the third reading on July 17. The debate on the closure resolution was of the usual kind; but Mr. Lloyd-George suggested that the time for every Bill should be fixed beforehand by a specially appointed committee.

Sir Charles Dilke complained that the Aliens Bill would destroy the right of asylum for refugees from religious persecution. Mr. Balfour answered that it was impossible to give any definite guarantee of such asylum, as it would be abused by destitute aliens professing to flee from persecution, which could not be investigated.

Lord Stanley, introducing the Post Office Estimates, condemned the agitation of postal employés for an increase of wages that would add two millions and a half to the national expenditure. He protested against the attempt of postal servants to use the power of electors to put pressure on their representatives in Parliament. They were already better paid, said Lord Stanley, than any corresponding class of wage-earners in the community. Captain Norton maintained the contrary, and a motion to that effect was defeated by a majority of 44.

The closing weeks of the Session are overshadowed by the Government plan for the redistribution of seats. This fixes a minimum of 18,500 inhabitants of a constituency with one member, while constituencies with 75,000 will have two members. Twenty-two seats will be taken from Ireland, seventeen given to England, four to Wales, and one to Scotland. Apparently only six small boroughs in England are to be disfranchised. London will have five new seats. Boundary Commissions will be appointed, and a Redistribution Bill introduced next year. The Government Resolution will be discussed next week.

MUSIC.

"MADAME BUTTERFLY."

After long delays, partly due to the difficulty of securing the services of a suitable child for the cast, "Madame Butterfly" has been produced at Covent Garden with one of those complete and assured triumphs that bring a thrill of distinct pleasure to all who have the good fortune to be present at the first performance. Puccini's new opera, entirely remodelled since it was first produced and condemned at La Scala more than a year ago, is a tragedy, as complete a tragedy as our operatic stage knows. By its side works like "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Rigoletto" seem almost tawdry in their dramatic aspect, for while they leave us conscious of beauty that is merely sensual at their most dramatic moments, "Madame Butterfly" has something of the deliberate movement and inevitable dénouement of a Greek tragedy. In saying this, we do not write of the libretto only, although it is a work of more than common merit, as might, indeed, be expected from Signori Illaca and Giacosa, and a long way in advance of the books that Verdi had to set to music. Puccini's music conveys the tragedy as surely as the printed word, and conveys it in manner that we have not hitherto associated with the composer, even while recognising that his achievements have been many and notable, and that he stands for what is best in modern Italian music. Now he seems to discover new paths, to express himself after his own convention, but with an utter absence of conventionality, to treat his work in a spirit of freshness that never suggests affectation, to give a setting that seems to direct and intensify every moment of action upon the stage.

He shows himself in many moods, and is a master of them all, the one complaint possible and legitimate being that his every mood is clouded over with a sadness that makes the last act almost intolerable in its hopeless tragedy. Signor Puccini has made no concession to the lower form of popular taste; he writes continuous melody and leaves detached numbers severely alone: there is nothing that the ballad-monger can seize and vulgarise; no ill-taught amateur will bring his score to the torture-chamber of the piano. And yet some of the music has a beauty of its own that few operas written in the nineteenth century can improve upon. The music that heralds the approach of Madame Butterfly, the treatment of the marriage ceremony, the love duet that terminates the first act, the subtle harmonies associated with the preparations of the wanderer's return, the haunting melodies that come immediately before and immediately after the opening of the second scene of the final act—in all these moments we have Puccini at his best, and it is a best of which the musical world has had no occasion to take cognisance before. Very effective, too, is the fugal writing when the opera opens.

"Madame Butterfly" is quite a notable addition to the repertory of Covent Garden; but it is only fair to say that it owed as much as such an opera can to its interpretation. It has often been our pleasant privilege to write in terms of highest praise of Mlle. Destinn; but never before has she realised the heights and depths of tragedy with such supreme triumph of achievement. Her singing was as beautiful as ever; her acting showed quality that we cannot often associate, alas! with the operatic stage. Another notable performance was the Suzuki of Madame Lejeune, who seemed to glow in some of the light reflected from Mlle. Destinn. Caruso sang finely; Scotti's performance was remarkable in every sense, and all the others were well within the picture; and Signor Campanini's work in the orchestra revealed all those high qualities that we are accustomed to associate with him. The mounting was worthy of the best traditions of Covent Garden, and "Madame Butterfly" has little save extreme sadness to stand between it and a favour that will endure. The score is worthy careful study, for many of Puccini's devices are at once uncommon and daring, and his use of consecutive fifths and octaves creates surprise, not so much because such devices are forbidden, but because, in the composer's hands, they become remarkably effective. One realises that the rules that govern composition may be disregarded at will by the cognoscenti.

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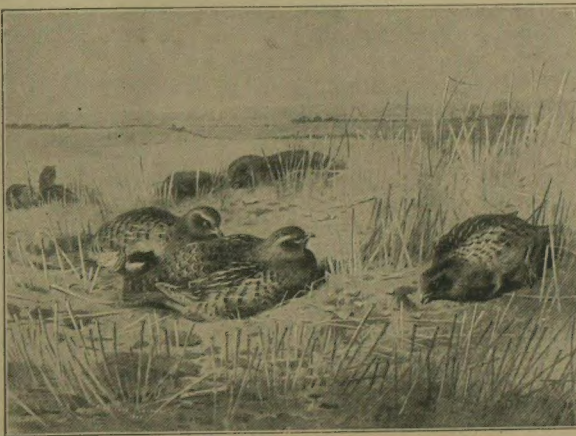
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AND DISTRICT.—THE ILLUSTRATED OFFICIAL GUIDE will be forwarded Post Free on receipt of Two Penny Stamps by THE CLERK, CROMER.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING IN THE NORTH.

The royal visit to Sheffield, Manchester, and Salford is one to which the cities honoured have responded in most enthusiastic fashion, for they realise that, in their devotion to national progress, King Edward and Queen Alexandra do not spare themselves, and keep a watchful eye upon every development. Sheffield and Manchester are cities of which the country has every reason to be proud, and their citizens have had every opportunity of seeing the royal visitors. Indeed, by Royal Decree, Manchester and Salford have enjoyed a Bank Holiday. The King's programme at Sheffield included the opening of the new University and the presentation of colours to the 2nd Battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry at Weston Park.



Photo. Bowden.

MISS MAY SUTTON,
THE AMERICAN WINNER OF THE
LADIES' LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The visit of part of the British Fleet to Brest has proved successful from every point of view, despite the reluctance of the weather to enter into the proper spirit of the festivities. Our Atlantic Squadron arrived in the harbour soon after midday on Monday, commanded by Admiral Sir William May, whose flag-ship is the new leviathan, *Edward VII*. On Monday night Admiral Caillard gave a banquet to his British comrades on board the *Masséna*. Admirals May and Bridgeman and the Captains of the other ships of the British squadron were present, and covers were laid for sixty. The least intelligent observer can hardly fail to realise the deep satisfaction underlying the attitude of all concerned in a meeting that may help to bring about further developments in the friendly relations between the two countries. Our Supplement shows the Atlantic Squadron arriving in the harbour, and the ball on the *Jauréguiberry* and *Formidable*; and deals also with the inter-regimental polo-match at Hurlingham, the recent pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, and the Oxford and Cambridge cricket-match at Lord's.

THE MOSCOW OUTRAGE.

Prefect, Count Schuvaloff, that has become painfully familiar lately. A man approached him with a petition, and fired with fatal effect at the moment of presenting it. We have heard little of Count Schuvaloff's record, and do not know whether or no he has brought the disaster upon himself by following the rule of oppression that has brought so many reactionaries to a sudden violent end. Perhaps the great significance of this latest of the Russian tragedies lies in the approaching visit of the Tsar to Moscow, to proclaim in the shadow of the Kremlin the measure of reform and proper government he is prepared to yield to a people too deeply roused to be readily contented. The end of Russia's troubles baffles the understanding of Europe's most competent observers.

THE BUTE WEDDING.

One of the most picturesque weddings of the season was celebrated last week at Castlebellingham, when Lord Bute was married to Augusta Mary, second daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham. The marriage was celebrated in the little Roman Catholic church of Kilsaran by the Rev. P. Fagan, who was authorised to bestow upon the newly married couple the Papal benediction. For the return to Bellingham Castle a procession was formed, led by pipers and the drummers of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. After the reception the newly married couple left for Stranraer on their way to Mochrum Castle, Wigtownshire, one of Lord Bute's seats. In the neighbourhood of Mochrum the roads were decorated, and at night bonfires were lighted. A large party assembled at Bellingham Castle for the wedding.



Photo. Lafayette, Manchester.

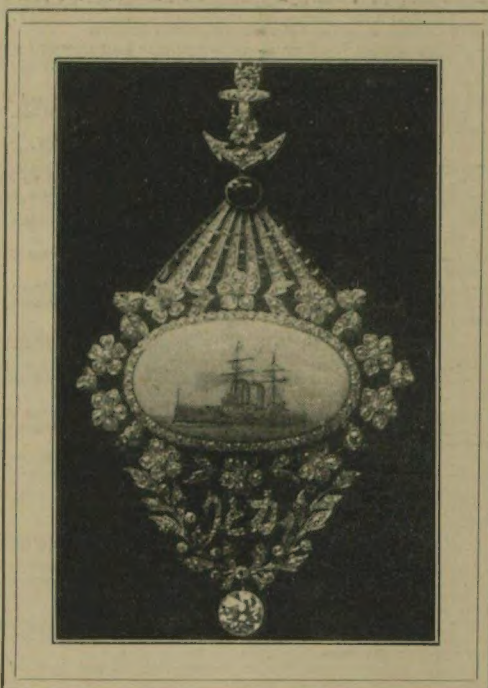
MR. BYTHEL,
CHAIRMAN OF THE MANCHESTER SHIP
CANAL COMPANY, WHO RECEIVED THE
KING AND QUEEN AT THE NEW DOCK.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Mr. Elihu Root has been chosen to succeed the late Mr. John Hay as Secretary of State. The appointment is a popular one. Mr. Root has won his spurs in the service of the United States. He was reckoned a keen and capable War Minister, and left the Cabinet to return to his legal practice,

which is a very lucrative one; indeed, he is said to have shared with Mr. Choate the best prizes of the legal profession. A wealthy man, he can afford to sacrifice his private earnings in order to serve the State, and his career will be followed with an abiding interest, for he enjoys the reputation of being an expansionist. It is said that he will work to develop American policy in the delectable countries whose burdens at least one great European Power would be delighted to share.

M. Elisée Reclus, the eminent French geographer, died last week at Thourout, near Bruges. He was in

AN INTERESTING SOUVENIR OF THE LAUNCH OF
THE JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "KATORI": THE
JEWEL PRESENTED TO PRINCESS ARISUGAWA
BY MESSRS. VICKERS, SONS, AND MAXIM, THE
BUILDERS OF THE VESSEL.

his seventy-sixth year. M. Reclus studied in Berlin under the great German Professor Karl Ritter, and in Germany he developed the revolutionary tendencies that compelled him to leave France suddenly in the year of the *Coup d'Etat*. For some years he travelled, visiting England and America, and returning to France in 1857. He took an intelligent interest in world-politics and supported President Lincoln in the controversies raging round the American Civil War. In



Photo. Fellows Wilson.

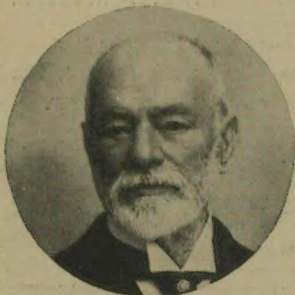
MR. HENRY J. ILES,
DECORATED IN CONNECTION WITH
THE VISIT OF "BESSES O' THE BARN"
TO FRANCE.

Photo. Russell.

THE LATE MR. M. BURROWS,
CHICHELE PROFESSOR OF MODERN
HISTORY AT OXFORD, AND FORMERLY
OF THE ROYAL NAVY.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

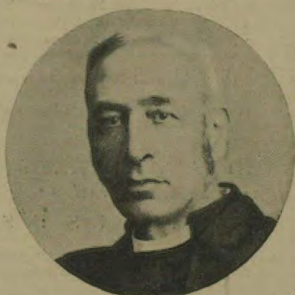
THE HON. ELIHU ROOT,
NEW SECRETARY OF STATE TO THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN SUC-
CESSION TO THE LATE MR. JOHN HAY.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. DR. F. H. CHASE,
TO BE BISHOP OF ELY ON THE
RESIGNATION OF THE RIGHT REV.
LORD ALWYNE COMPTON ON AUGUST 1.

undeserved, for M. Jaurés is a much more subtle and flexible Socialist than can be found in Germany.

EXEUNT.

The Missions are to be withdrawn from Fez. Count Tattenbach, M. St. René de Taillandier, and Mr. Gerald Lowther may leave the hot, fascinating city of Mulai Idrees for their cooler quarters in Tangier, and the Sultan of Morocco may spend the rest of the summer with no more trouble than pretenders and insurgents care to create at a time when the thermometer is at its highest. Diplomacy will settle the details of the coming Conference in Paris or Berlin—not, it is to be remembered, without a word from Downing Street.

Russia's vagrant "POTEMKIN." man-of-war has ceased from troubling, and is once more the property of the Tsar's Government. The crew surrendered the ship to the Roumanian authorities after receiving an assurance that they would be allowed to leave Roumania by a frontier of their own selection. The incident tends to show that the Russian seaman, despite his gift of endurance, is neither able to obey orders nor to direct his own affairs with success. He is quite readily demoralised. In view of the possibilities that follow in the wake of a war-ship at large, there is no disposition among any responsible parties to regret the termination of the *Potemkin's* wanderings. The Sultan of Turkey has derived most benefit from the incident, for he has seized the opportunity to add heavy guns to the forts of Kavak, at the mouth of the Bosphorus.



Photo. Nadar.

THE LATE M. ELISÉE RECLUS,
EMINENT FRENCH GEOGRAPHER, WHOSE
"NOUVELLE" GEOGRAPHIE UNIVER-
SELLE WILL REMAIN HIS MONUMENT.

British sympathy with the unhappy men who met their death in the *Farfadet* off Bizerta will be the keener by reason of the memory of our own recent losses. There is something almost intolerably painful in the thought of what the prisoners in the French submarine must have suffered in the moments when they knew that all possible aid was being rendered—and rendered unsuccessfully. Some graphic pen or stage picture may be required to bring home the complete horror of the event; but we can at least realise enough to be full of the deepest sympathy with the dead and with those they left behind them.

M. JAURÉS.

Prince Bülow has prohibited the appearance of M. Jaurés at a German Socialist meeting in Berlin. The German Socialists expressed their desire to influence the foreign policy of Germany, and invited M. Jaurés as the leader of the French Socialists to co-operate. They accused their own Government of "overweening ambition," especially an ambition directed against France. It was scarcely to be expected that the German Government would permit M. Jaurés to dilate on such a theme, or indeed to dilate on anything the Socialists have at heart. He declares that his sole object was to promote a peaceful understanding between the two nations; and it is very unlikely that had he made a speech at Berlin he would have attacked the Kaiser's policy. But Socialism makes the Kaiser and his Chancellor very nervous, and they could not relish any international advertisement of the Social Democracy under their noses. Prince Bülow was careful, however, to pay M. Jaurés very high compliments. From one opportunist to another they were not

ALIVE OR DEAD? DIVERS WAITING FOR AN ANSWERING KNOCK FROM THE CREW
IMPRISONED IN THE "FARFADET."

DRAWN BY KUPKA, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

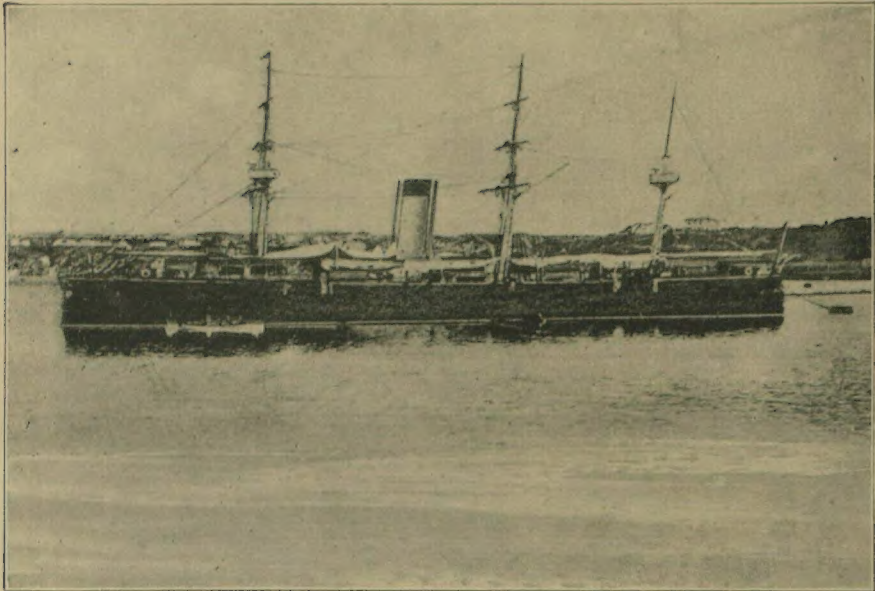


UNDER THE LAKE OF BIZERTA: DIVERS ATTEMPTING TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE IMPRISONED CREW OF THE FRENCH SUBMARINE "FARFADET,"
AND TO PLACE SLINGS FOR THE RAISING OF THE VESSEL.

The French submarine "Farfadet" sank with thirteen hands while engaged in carrying out manœuvres in the Lake of Bizerta. She was about to be submerged when some valves failed to act, and water rushed into her. Immediate steps were taken to raise her, and she was actually brought to such a height that her after-part showed above water. Then, unfortunately, the crane broke, and she sank again. By knocking on the side of the vessel, the divers were able, at first, to attract the attention of the imprisoned crew, who answered by knocking and shouting. The second disaster, however, made it hopeless that they could live, and on Sunday of last week all hope of rescue was abandoned.

Captain Ratier, the commander, and two petty officers, who were shot out of the vessel by compressed air, were saved.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



THE CLOSE OF THE MUTINOUS RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "KNIAZ POTEKIN'S" BRIEF BUT EXCITING CAREER: THE ROUMANIAN CRUISER "ELIZABETH," WHICH REPLIED TO THE SALUTE OF THE RUSSIAN VESSELS SENT TO TAKE THE "KNIAZ POTEKIN" BY HOISTING THE RUSSIAN FLAG.

The crews of the mutinous "Kniaz Potemkin" and the torpedo-boat "267" surrendered to the Roumanian authorities on July 8, on condition that they were to be treated as foreign deserters and allowed to go where they pleased. The vessel was then manned by a Roumanian guard, and the flag of Roumania broken over her. Later, she was handed over to the Sebastopol squadron of the Black Sea Fleet, which brought a crew for her from Sebastopol.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN BUSINESS AND SOCIAL BUREAU.



THE CLOSE OF THE MUTINOUS RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "KNIAZ POTEKIN'S" BRIEF BUT EXCITING CAREER: A SQUARE IN KUSTENDJI, THE HARBOUR OF WHICH THE "KNIAZ POTEKIN" AND THE TORPEDO-BOAT "267" ENTERED TO SURRENDER TO THE ROUMANIAN AUTHORITIES.



A VANDYCK PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I., SOLD, WITH A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA BY THE SAME ARTIST, FOR 17,000 GUINEAS AT THE ASHBURTON SALE.

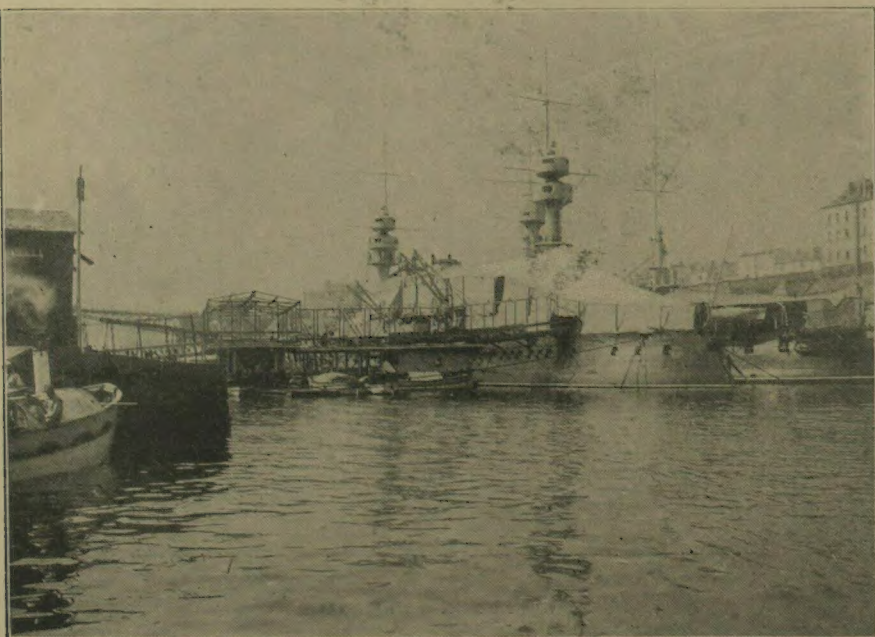


BOTTICELLI'S CIRCULAR PANEL, "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, WITH ANGELS," SOLD TO "MR. BARBER" FOR 6000 GUINEAS AT THE ASHBURTON SALE.



A VANDYCK PORTRAIT OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA, SOLD, WITH A PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I. BY THE SAME ARTIST, FOR 17,000 GUINEAS AT THE ASHBURTON SALE.

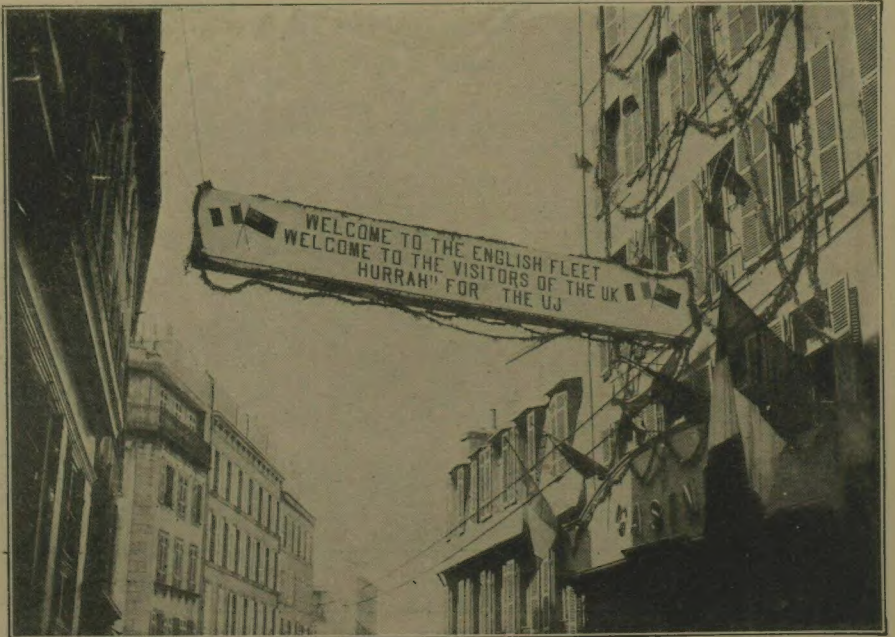
Among the pictures sold at Messrs. Christie's on Saturday of last week were two superb Vandyck portraits, the one of Charles I. and the other of Queen Henrietta Maria, the pair falling to Mr. Duveen for 17,000 guineas. The portrait of King Charles is on a canvas 84 inches by 49 inches, and it is thus larger by a good deal than any of the portraits lent to the 1900 Vandyck Exhibition at Burlington House. The painting of Queen Henrietta Maria is of the same size, and resembles the one purchased with the Houghton Collection by the Empress Catherine, and hung in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. The Botticelli, which was bought by "Mr. Barber" for 6000 guineas, is a large circular panel, and is a most satisfying example of its class.



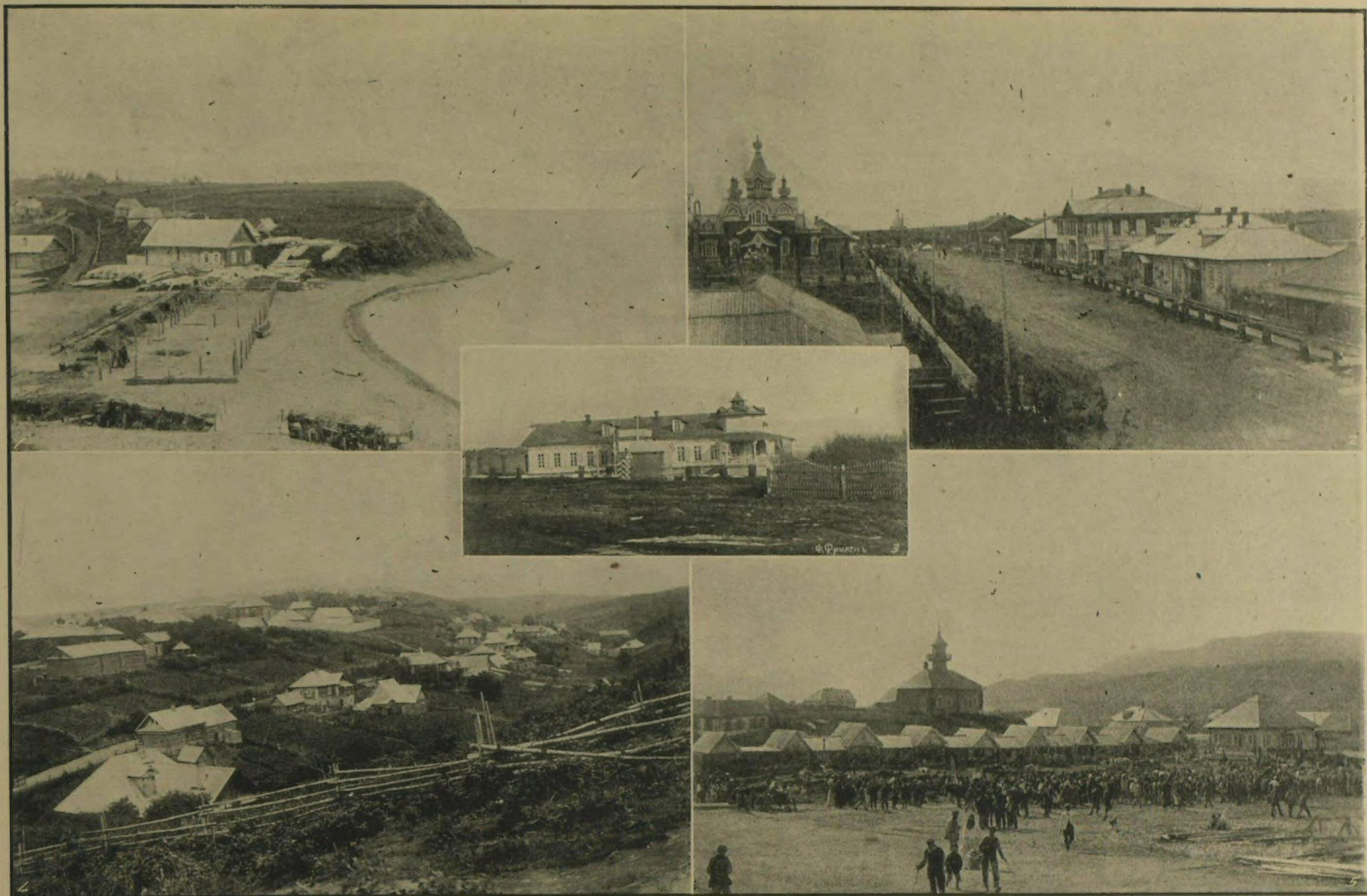
THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO BREST: CONSTRUCTING THE BRIDGE FROM THE QUAY TO THE "JAURÉGUIBERRY" AND FROM HER TO THE "FORMIDABLE" FOR THE DANCE ON JULY 11.

The officers and men of the British Fleet now at Brest are being made thoroughly welcome, and an elaborate programme of entertainments is being gone through for their benefit. The British Squadron is commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir W. H. May, who is flying his flag on the "King Edward VII." The visit began on Tuesday last, and continues until Monday next, the 17th, when the British Fleet is due to leave.

PHOTO. PHOTO-NOUVELLES.



THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO BREST: FRANCE'S AMERICAN-ENGLISH WELCOME TO THE BRITISH SAILORS ON A TRIUMPHAL ARCH CROSSING THE RUE DE SIAM.



1. THE FISHING DEPÔT NEAR KORSAKOVSK, THE TOWN JUST OCCUPIED BY THE JAPANESE AND BURNED BY THE RUSSIANS.
2. THE MAIN STREET IN ALEXANDROVSK, OR DUI, ONE OF THE ONLY TWO PLACES IN SAKHALIEN THAT COULD OFFER A SHOW OF RESISTANCE.
3. THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, ALEXANDROVSK (OR DUI).
4. A GENERAL VIEW OF KORSAKOVSK, BURNED BY THE RUSSIANS AND CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE.
5. THE MURDERERS' MARKET-PLACE, SAKHALIEN, SITUATED IN A DISTRICT CONTAINING NUMEROUS HOUSES AT WHICH STOLEN GOODS ARE RECEIVED.

THE FIRST RUSSIAN SOIL CAPTURED BY JAPAN: SCENES IN THE CONVICT ISLAND OF SAKHALIEN.

The Japanese Sakhalien army occupied Korsakovsk on July 8, the Russians burning the town and retreating towards the north. Two 12-centimetre guns, two 12-pounders, and ammunition were captured. The Russians made a stand in the neighbourhood of Soroifka, but were again dislodged. Sakhalien, which is 670 miles long, and from twenty to 150 miles broad, lies close to the Siberian shore, and commands the whole maritime province of Siberia. It belonged to Japan until 1857, when it was ceded to Russia, practically by compulsion, in exchange for the almost useless Kurile Islands. It is, or was, used as a Russian penal colony.



THE QUEEN ATTENDS A PRETTY FÊTE FOR CHILDREN: LADY ANCASTER'S ENTERTAINMENT IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

On Tuesday afternoon last the Botanic Gardens were the scene of one of those popular society functions which give so much aid to charity nowadays. The occasion was the fete given in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and organised by Lady Ancaster. Many children took part, a number of them showing themselves delightful and accomplished dancers.

BRITAIN'S GREAT SHOOTING FESTIVAL.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE BISLEY MEETING.

The Waldegrave Competition was won, by Mr. Maurice Blood, of the N.R.A., who made forty-nine at the 800 yards' range, and the highest possible at the 900 yards'.

ANN - CAR'LINE.

By M. E. FRANCIS.



Illustrated by PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

LAMBING-TIME is a very important epoch to farming folk, and particularly to farming folk in Dorset. The popular idea which associates the advent of the bleating innocents with primroses and daffodils, budding hedges, and all the other adjuncts of spring does not obtain in this pre-eminently sheep-rearing county. It is in January, when days are still short and dull, when the earth is still bare, when cold rain and not infrequently sleet or "snow stuff" fall, that the misguided younglings of the flock look their first upon a sodden and gloomy world. Midway in December their quarters are got in readiness, preferably in a corner of some upland field; the shepherd's wheeled hut takes up its position in the midst of a sheltered space in the "lewth" of the hedge; straw-padded hurdles mark the enclosure, and sundry pens are made ready for the new arrivals and their dams. By day the shepherd himself may be seen, crook in hand and dog at heel, taking stock of his premises; and often at dusk the uncertain light of his lantern may be noted from afar.

On one particularly gloomy winter's evening young Timothy Kiddle, Farmer Hounsell's new shepherd, made a careful inspection of his charges by the light of his lantern; and after completing the tour of the fold sat down in an angle of the hurdle fence to smoke a quiet pipe. His hut had not yet been conveyed to its destined site, and till now he had slept at home; but one of the ewes seemed somewhat uneasy in her mind, and, all things considered, Timothy decided that it would be better to spend the night amid his charges.

He intended, of course, to watch, but, having been exceptionally busy all day, soon dozed, and presently, indeed, fell into a sound sleep. This was no doubt highly reprehensible under the circumstances, particularly when one remembers that a lighted pipe was between his teeth, and that the whole place was strewn with straw.

He awoke with a start and a terrific throb of conscience, and was relieved to find himself in the dark; his pipe had dropped harmlessly into his lap, and the very lantern had burnt itself out. He rolled on to his knees, feeling cramped after such long sitting, and was about to rise altogether when his attention was suddenly arrested by a curious sight.

At the further end of the long field, outlined against the hedge, and thrown into strong relief by the light of a lantern which stood on the ground beside her, was a girl, digging. He could see her distinctly, and could even note that she wore a white apron, that her sleeves were tucked up, and that she had no hat or covering of any kind on her head.

She laboured with a will, but presently flung aside her spade, and, kneeling down, drew something from her bosom which she thrust into the hole she had made. As she bent over it, Timothy, watching breathlessly from his post behind the hurdles, saw and recognised her face. It was Ann-Car'line Bartlett, who lived in one of the cottages down in the "dip" yonder.

Timothy had seen her several times, for she came regularly twice a day to buy milk at Hounsell's farm. She had even seemed to him a nice, modest, quiet-spoken maid, and he wondered much at the nature of the task she was now accomplishing.

Soon she was on her feet again, shovelling back the earth with feverish energy; then, taking up her lantern, she stepped towards the hedge, and stood there for a moment or two; but her back was turned towards Timothy, and, crane his neck as he might, he could not see what she was doing. Presently she turned about, caught up her spade,

scrutiny discovered a small cross cut deep into the bark of a stout holly sapling, which was evidently intended to serve as a landmark; next, carefully inspecting the ground in the neighbourhood, he came to the place where the earth had been recently disturbed. The field was a turnip-field, and it would have been difficult to recognise the precise locality without some such precaution as the girl had taken. As Timothy knelt down to pursue his investigations he mentally commended her wisdom.

Depositing his lantern on the ground, he scratched away the loose earth with his vigorous hands, and presently came to a little bundle. This, on being withdrawn and held to the light, proved to be a cheap printed cotton handkerchief, which was carefully knotted about something hard and round. Timothy breathlessly removed this outer covering, and discovered, to his astonishment, a gold watch. A gentleman's gold watch, as he said to himself, for it was of fairly large size and there was a monogram on the lid, and two or three seals and charms—fallals Timothy dubbed them—appended to the ring.

Timothy sat back on his heels, opening eyes and mouth in astonishment.

"Well, I'm dalled!" he ejaculated under his breath. "That there nice vitty little maid! Who'd ever think she'd be that artful?—and that wicked!" he added severely.

After turning over the watch and examining it on every side he wrapped it up again, and restored it to its hiding-place.

"She must ha' stole it," he said to himself as he threw in the earth again. "Certain sure, she must ha' stole it! A poor maid like her doesn't ha' gold watches to throw about. If it was give to her she wouldn't go and bury it in a field half a mile away from her home. No, 'tisn't very likely. . . . She stole it. That's what she's done, and she've a-hid it away here to keep it safe till she can pop it, or maybe sell it. Nobody 'ud ha' knowed if I hadn't chanced to look over the hurdle. It do really seem quite providential," continued Timothy, who loved to use a long word now and then, even in communion with himself, "to think I should ha' falled asleep and my lantern should ha' went out like that, else the maid 'ud never ha' dug so nigh to where I was sittin'."

He rose to his feet now, stamping down the earth over the filled-in hole, and then loosening the surface with the toe of his big boot. As he turned away he laughed to himself.

"The maid little thinks as I do know her secret. I'll watch—ah, sure, I'll watch! I'm not wishful for to get her into trouble, but I'll watch. When she comes to dig her treasure up again I'll ha' summat for to say to her."

With this resolution he made his way back to his charges; but throughout his oft-broken slumbers that night he was haunted by the remembrance of Ann-Car'line's secret; when he was not in fancy holding the watch in his hand, or replacing it in its wrapper, he was sternly questioning the girl and receiving numerous and widely differing explanations of the mystery.



He heard her trill out a song.

and, squeezing herself through a gap in the hedge, walked away down the lane.

Timothy rose cautiously, looked after the bobbing lantern till it vanished from his sight; then, feeling in his pocket for a fresh bit of candle, put it into his lantern, lit it, and ran to inspect the mysterious spot. First he examined the hedge, and after a minute's

When he went about his work at early dawn he frequently glanced in the direction of the hiding-place, and saw in imagination the little round packet lying snug at the bottom of its hole. A chance passer-by on the rough track on the other side of the hedge made him start. Would he be likely to detect that the earth had been recently disturbed in that particular spot which Timothy knew of? Even when Mr. Hounsell came up as usual to inspect the little flock, Timothy was careful to place himself immediately in front of him, whenever the farmer chanced to glance in the direction in question, so that his own burly form might serve as a screen to Ann-Car'line's indiscretion.

"What be you a-turnin' and a-turnin' round me like that for?" inquired his master presently with some sternness. "There, you do make I quite giddy! You be jist same as a weathercock!"

Timothy had no answer ready on the moment; he looked up at the sky and then at the distant horizon, and finally remarked that he didn't think the wind was shiftin' that much.

"I don't say it be," responded the farmer emphatically; "but I do say as you mid be a weathercock the way you do go on a-twistin' and a-turnin'. There ye be again! What be the matter, man?"

Timothy set his hat more firmly on his head, cleared his throat, spat in his hands, and caught up a pitchfork, observing that there was a deal to be seen to, and that, weathercock or no weathercock, he ought to be shakin' out the straw.

"There's one o' the ewes here as I don't so very well like the looks on," he said persuasively, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards a quarter which he felt to be perfectly safe.

Thereupon Mr. Hounsell forgot to animadvert further on his underling's oddities, and immediately became immersed in more practical matters.

By chance the shepherd was obliged to betake himself to the farm that day on some errand, and, as he was hurrying back to his charges he encountered Ann-Car'line leisurely driving a flock of ducks towards a wayside pond.

She had slung her bonnet on one arm, so that her pretty hair caught such pale sunshine as was available on that December afternoon, and in one hand she held a long elder switch, with a few yellow leaves dangling at its extremity. She responded to Timothy's greeting with perfect serenity, her placid blue eyes appearing even more limpid than usual as she returned his gaze; when he was a few paces away from her, picking his steps carefully among her waddling flock, he heard her trill out a song as suddenly and sweetly as a robin might have done.

"Well, that beats all!" commented the shepherd. "There she do look I in the face so innocent as a baby, and she do sing out like a—like an angel! I can't make nothing of it—nay, I can't indeed!"

His hut had now been put into position, and he occupied it that night, and might have slumbered peacefully enough, for his sheep were quiet, yet he could not rest for thinking of Ann-Car'line and her secret.

"She mid ha' found that watch," he said to himself, "or she midn't ha' knowed 'twas wrong to take it. There, to think of it a-layin' out there so as anybody what liked mid just stretch out his hand and take it! What 'ud the poor maid do then? She'd ha' no chance of givin' it back, or anything."

Impelled by these reflections, Timothy presently got up and made a second pilgrimage to Ann-Car'line's hiding-place. In a very few minutes he had withdrawn the watch from its wrapper, dropped it into his own pocket, and replaced it by a round, smooth stone. He chuckled to himself as he folded the handkerchief about it and laid it in the hole.

"'Twill be a rare treat to see the maid's face," he said.

For greater safety, he thenceforth continued to carry the watch about his person, carefully testing his pocket night and morning to make quite sure there was no suspicion of a hole.

The knowledge of this possession made him look quizzically at Ann-Car'line when next he came upon her; and, strange to say, he found himself obliged to pass her house on the following day. She was busily engaged in sweeping the garden path, and on hearing his foot-fall turned round; and perceiving that he smiled, though somewhat oddly, smiled back gaily and innocently enough.

"Dear, to be sure," exclaimed Timothy pausing, "you do seem in very good spirits, my maid."

"Why, so I be," replied the girl. "I ain't got nothing to make me sad, have I?"

"I don't suppose you have," said Timothy. "You was a-singin' yesterday so gay as a lark."

"Oh, I'm often singin'," replied she. "I'd sing all day if I was let—it do help to pass the time away."

"You can't sing and sweep though, I shouldn't think," said Timothy tentatively.

"Can't I?" retorted Ann-Car'line; and immediately plied her brush with vigour, simultaneously uplifting that marvellous clear voice of hers. It was a marvellous voice—fresh and true and ringing—she could send

it up, up to the very limit of the gamut as it seemed, yet never lose sweetness or roundness.

"Can't I sing and sweep?" she repeated, pausing to take breath.

"I never heerd nothin' like it," replied Timothy enthusiastically. "Says I to myself yesterday, it mid be an angel singin', I says."

"Oh, and did you?" said Ann-Car'line, growing pink with pleasure.

"Yes, I did indeed," returned the shepherd earnestly. "I should think you was a angel—or very near," he added hastily, for just at that moment he chanced to thrust his hand into his pocket, and had come in contact with something hard and round. "Very near—or perhaps—I mid say—"

"I mid ha' been summat very like a angel," replied Ann-Car'line, looking up at him seriously. "I mid ha' been a fairy."

Here she lowered her voice and looked round cautiously.

"What do you mean?" inquired Timothy, stooping over her and speaking in the same tone.

"Hush! It's a secret. Don't let mother hear ye."

The shepherd straightened himself again. "Ah, you've got secrets," he said dispassionately. "Yes, young maids has secrets what they don't like the wold folks to hear on. But secrets is dangerous, my girl."

And thereupon Timothy fingered the watch once more.

"There, what be so long a-doin' for?" called out a sharp female voice from within the cottage. "I could ha' swept that path forty times while thou 'rt thinkin' on it."

Ann-Car'line caught up her broom and hastened indoors, leaving Timothy to meditate on her mysterious words as he made his way towards the fold.

He frowned as he walked along, and struck at the hedge savagely with his crook.

"Fairies is nonsense-folk," he exclaimed aloud once; and again, "I can't think as thikky maid can be so artful as she do seem."

On the following Sunday by some accident he found himself next her in church, and, perceiving that he had no hymn-book, Ann-Car'line was kind enough to permit him to share hers. She looked as fair and innocent as a flower, and sang with all her heart. Timothy was quite carried away. Yet in the midst of his admiration he suddenly bethought him of the watch in his pocket, which seemed to weigh twenty times as much as any ordinary timepiece, and his heart sank again. He stopped singing and glowered at Ann-Car'line for continuing to uplift her voice without seeming to note his defalcation. When they emerged from the church he inquired, somewhat roughly, where she was going.

"Nowhere in particular," answered the girl hesitatingly; "I needn't be home for another half-hour. The air's so nice and fresh, bain't it?"

It was, on the whole, rather likely to be nice and fresh at that season, but Timothy forbore to remind her of this fact, and proposed that they should take a stroll together.

"Well, where shall we go?" said she.

"I thought we mid just walk up along by my fold," said he. "'Tis nice and dry up that lane."

"I should ha' thought ye'd ha' had enough o' that on week-days," said Ann-Car'line.

"Be ye comin', my girl?" inquired the shepherd for all answer, and turning in the direction indicated as he spoke.

Ann-Car'line trotted after him meekly enough. She was very silent, though when they reached the lane she simpered a little on his proposing to walk arm-in-crook. They went along slowly until they reached the fold, and then the girl suddenly jerked away her elbow—

"Ye'll want to be a-lookin' at your sheep now," said she. "I'll jest run home-along."

Tenderly but firmly Timothy took her arm again.

"Nay now, my maid," said he, "I be a-comin' wi' you. Yonder's my hut; he be a snug one, I can tell ye! I do sleep there so sound—ah, 'tis wonderful how sound I do sleep."

"Do ye?" inquired Ann-Car'line with an uneasy glance towards the shelter in question. "It haven't been here so very long, have it?"

"'Twas penned on Saturday. The hut was put up as 'sheep Thursday,' responded he. "Well, shall us be goin' on?"

He held her little bent arm fast as they descended the lane, and watched her narrowly while they drew near to her hiding-place. Suddenly he paused opposite the very gap which she had squeezed through after burying her treasure, and gazed absently into the field.

"What be lookin' at?" cried she, straining a little at his sturdy arm.

"Nothin' in particular," responded Timothy, staring hard at the mysterious spot. "There bain't much of a view here, be there?"

"No, there bain't," agreed Ann-Car'line. "I wish you'd come along."

"The air's so nice and fresh though, bain't it?" said Timothy. "Talkin' o' secrets—"

"We wasn't talkin' o' secrets," she interrupted quickly.

"Wasn't we!" said Timothy, looking at her curiously. "That's queer, now! We was talkin' o' secrets yesterday though, wasn't we? You said ye had a secret as ye didn't want your mother to know."

Her face was flaming like a poppy, her eyes wide, partly with astonishment, partly with terror. "What makes ye ax me this now?" said she.

Timothy looked back at the field and then at her face once more, and said he didn't know, he was sure.

"Well, then, I don't know," she responded tartly. "If ye can't talk a bit less foolish, Mr. Kiddle, I think ye'd best hold your tongue." She turned towards the lane again, and this time he did not try to prevent her.

"Speakin' o' foolish talk," he resumed after a pause, "'twas a nonsense-tale that you did tell I t'other day about bein' a fairy."

"There ye go again!" cried Ann-Car'line. "Talk o' summat else, can't ye, besides me?"

"I'm speakin' o' fairies," said Timothy mildly. "I say there's no such thing as fairies, so ye couldn't ha' been one."

"Very well," she returned sulkily. "Have it your own way. I don't think I like keepin' company wi' you, Mr. Kiddle. I don't think I'll walk out wi' you any more. I like someone a bit livelier."

"Do ye?" said Timothy tolerantly, almost compassionately. "Well, I'll bid ye good-day then. Look out for a lively young man so soon as ye like. But I'll tell ye one thing," he added, with sudden warmth, "ye may be glad to turn to I yet, Ann-Car'line; and I'll tell ye summat else—if you're in trouble I'll stand by you."

He loosed her arm, and Ann-Car'line immediately took to her heels and ran at full speed till she reached the turn in the lane, where she paused to shake out her dress and adjust her hat, and then the faint, sweet notes of her voice were wafted to him on the breeze: Ann-Car'line was warbling a hymn-tune.

Timothy felt suddenly mightily indignant, and taking out the watch, gave it a little shake.

"I've a good mind to put thee back where I found thee," said he. "Yes, it 'ud serve her right if I put thee back and took no more notice of either of ye. Hark to her singing! A body 'ud think she hadn't nothin' on her mind at all."

After a moment's angry reflection, however, he put the watch back in his pocket and decided to wait the issue of events.

As it happened he was not long held in suspense.

On the very next morning he woke up suddenly, long before dawn, and saw a lantern glimmering at the further end of the field. He immediately rose, put on his coat, and, opening the door of the hut a little wider, peered out into the darkness. It was not yet five o'clock, and here in the open field all was still as at midnight. The weather had "taken up" lately; the crispness of frost was in the air, and the sky was full of stars. The bobbing light yonder seemed to blink like one at first, but presently became steady, and all at once he heard, or fancied he heard, a faint cry.

"She's found the stone," said Timothy, and grinned in the darkness.

Now the light began to waver again, and, as he expected, approached the hut. As it drew near, Ann-Car'line's voice was heard calling piteously, "Mr. Kiddle! Timothy—Timothy!"

The shepherd winked to himself, and answered with a low and muffled roar, intended to indicate that he had just been aroused from profound slumber.

"Oh, Timothy Kiddle," cried the voice, "please come out a minute! I don't know what to do! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Hold hard!" cried Timothy. "I'm coming."

He lighted his lantern and sallied forth. There stood Ann-Car'line pressing close against the hurdle-fence, the light which she held falling upon her white, scared face and upon the handkerchief in her hand.

"What be doin' here, my maid, at this hour?" inquired the shepherd sternly. "You did ought to be at home and a-bed. 'Tisn't respectable to be wanderin' about in the fields in the dark."

Ann-Car'line fairly sobbed. "I wouldn't come if I could help it. Oh, dear—oh, dear! You said I mid be glad to turn to, and I be."

"What," said Timothy, with a grim smile, "be we goin' to talk about that secret, arter all?"

"I thought you'd be a bit kinder," moaned Ann-Car'line, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks. "I—I—I had summat as I didn't want the folks at home to see—I haven't got nothin' what locks—so I made a little hole at the bottom of the field yon—and I buried it. An'—an'—somebody's been an' stole it away an' put a stone in its place."

"That's a queer tale," said Timothy. "Very near as queer a tale as the one you did tell I about bein' axed to be a fairy."

"Oh, but it's true—it's really true!" cried Ann-Car'line earnestly. "And the worst of it is the thing—what I hid—wasn't mine."

Timothy deliberately set down his lantern, and folded his arms on the top of the hurdle.

"You'll have to come out wi' the whole truth, my girl," said he; "what was the thing ye hid?"

"'Twas a watch," gasped the girl—"a gold watch."

Timothy whistled under his breath. "And 'twasn't yours, ye say?" he remarked after a pause. "Ye stole it then, did ye? Ye'll be put in prison so sure as I be a-lookin' at ye."

"Stole it!" ejaculated Ann-Car'line with a little scream. "I did no such thing. 'Twas give me—but I didn't want to take it, an' I said I'd give it back—and now I can't," she added with a burst of woe.

"Now look ye here, maidie," cried Timothy in a voice that had suddenly grown extremely wrathful, "this 'ere tale's worse nor what I looked for. Who give ye that watch? Come, make a clean breast on't, else I'll not lift a finger to help ye. It'll have to come out first or last, and there's less shame in telling me—as is your friend—"

"I'm not ashamed," interrupted Ann-Car'line,

"It was *him* said that," interrupted the shepherd. "I never thought there was a word o' truth in the tale!"

"There was, though! He meant a play-actin' fairy, o' course. He said all I'd have to do was to sing a bit, and dance a bit, and look nice; and I'd get a lot of money and see the world too."

"So he said: and what did *you* say?" asked Timothy, as she paused.

"First I said I didn't think mother could spare me, and then I said I didn't think I'd like it, and then I said straight out I wouldn't. But he wouldn't take 'No,'" said Ann-Car'line, opening her eyes very wide. "The more I hung back, the more he pressed—and at last he pulls out that watch, an' says he, 'Now, my dear, think it over. We'll be comin' back again about Christmas-time,' he says; 'I'll give you from now to then to make up your mind. And meanwhile there's my watch for you to keep,' says he; 'I'll show you I'm in earnest, anyhow. You can mark the flight of time with that,' says he—he spoke so funny, ye know—and with every day that passes you must be the nearer to sayin' Yes.' Wasn't it a queer notion?"

watch? Somebody mid ha' see'd ye do it, ye see, and then, so soon as your back was turned, gone and dug it up again."

"Oh, there was nobody there," replied the girl emphatically. "I watched and waited for ever so long before I made the hole—there wasn't a sign of anybody. Your hut wasn't up here then—I'm sure I should ha' see'd it if 'twas. I shouldn't ha' done it if it had a-been there, for I'd ha' been afeard ye mid see me."

"Yes," agreed Timothy, "that's true; I mid ha' see'd ye."

"And nobody could tell where 'twas hid," she pursued mournfully. "I scratched up the earth and made it look same as all the rest o' the field. I shouldn't ha' found it myself if I hadn't ha' made a little sign to know it by."

"Such as a mark in the hedge?" suggested Timothy. She stared at him.

"A little cross, as mid be, cut in a holly stem?" continued the shepherd.

"O-o-oh," cried Ann-Car'line, "you horrid, unkind, teasin' chap! I d' 'low you was spyin' on me all the time."



There stood Ann-Car'line.

throwing back her head. "I haven't done wrong. 'Twas a gentleman give me the watch—there!"

"Well, then you *have* done wrong!" said the shepherd sternly. "What right had ye to take gold watches as ye dursn't let your mother see? It bain't a very nice story, that! Who is the gentleman?" he added fiercely. "What did he give ye the watch for?"

Standing close up to the hurdle he seized the girl by the wrists, pinioning her fast.

"Lard, Timothy! Don't pinch me so vicious—you be hurtin' I. There, 'twas a actin' gentleman what come wi' ever so many others to the town in the summer. They was actin' a play at the Corn Exchange, wi' a lot o' singin' and dancin' in it. This one was the head o' the actin' folks. I went there along o' father, and he said he see'd me all the time the play was goin' on—"

"Your father said that?" queried Timothy sharply.

"No, the actin' gentleman. He come upon me the next day walkin' along the lane and singin'—as I mid be doin' the first day you did talk to I—and he did stop and speak."

"What did he say?" growled Timothy, tightening his grip upon her wrists.

"Oh! he axed I a lot of questions, and he did say I wer' a very pretty girl, and he did ax I would I like to be a fairy."

"A very queer notion indeed," said Timothy grimly. "Well, and now ye've lost the watch—and what be ye goin' to do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Ann-Car'line, sobbing afresh. "I shall never be able to look him in the face when he comes for his answer."

"So much the better," said Timothy rigidly. "He'll not be in such a hurry to meddle wi' young maids again, p'raps."

"Oh, but he'll be sure to think I sold it, or summat; he'll maybe have the law on me."

"Is that all what's troublin' ye?" said the shepherd, fixing her with a piercing gaze. "If anybody was to find that watch for ye, you wouldn't want to go off play-actin' or any such tomfoolery?"

"I shouldn't—indeed I shouldn't," she cried earnestly. "Oh, Timothy, will ye help me to find it?"

"I don't know but what I will," said he, "if you'll promise me—promise me faithful—*faithful*, mind—not to take no more notice at all of that play-actin' gentleman. I'll find that watch if ye'll let me take it back to the man myself and tell 'en ye've no thought of bein' a fairy or any such thing."

Ann-Car'line hesitated. "Then I'll promise," she said faintly.

"It's a bargain!" said Timothy firmly. "Now, then, let's see what can be done. Was there nobody at all in the field when you did chance to bury that

For all answer Timothy dived to the depths of his pocket and produced by slow degrees first the chain and then the watch itself.

Ann-Car'line, uncertain whether to be more angry or relieved, burst into a series of disjointed exclamations, and finally ordered her lover to give her back that watch immediately.

"Nothin' of the kind," replied he, dropping it into his pocket again. "I'll keep it for ye same as I've a-been doin' all along. Says I to mysel', when I see'd what you was arter, 'That there maid'll be gettin' into trouble,' I says, 'wi'out somebody interferes.' And o I—"

"I see," cried Ann-Car'line, melting all at once; "but ye needn't ha' gied me such a fright."

"Ye shouldn't ha' had secrets from I, then," returned he. "Well, we'll ha' no more secrets now, my girl, shall us? I'll gie that watch back to the chap and send 'en about his business."

"But he'll think it so queer, won't he?" said she, smirking.

"He'll not think it a bit queer when I do tell 'en I be a-coortin' of ye."

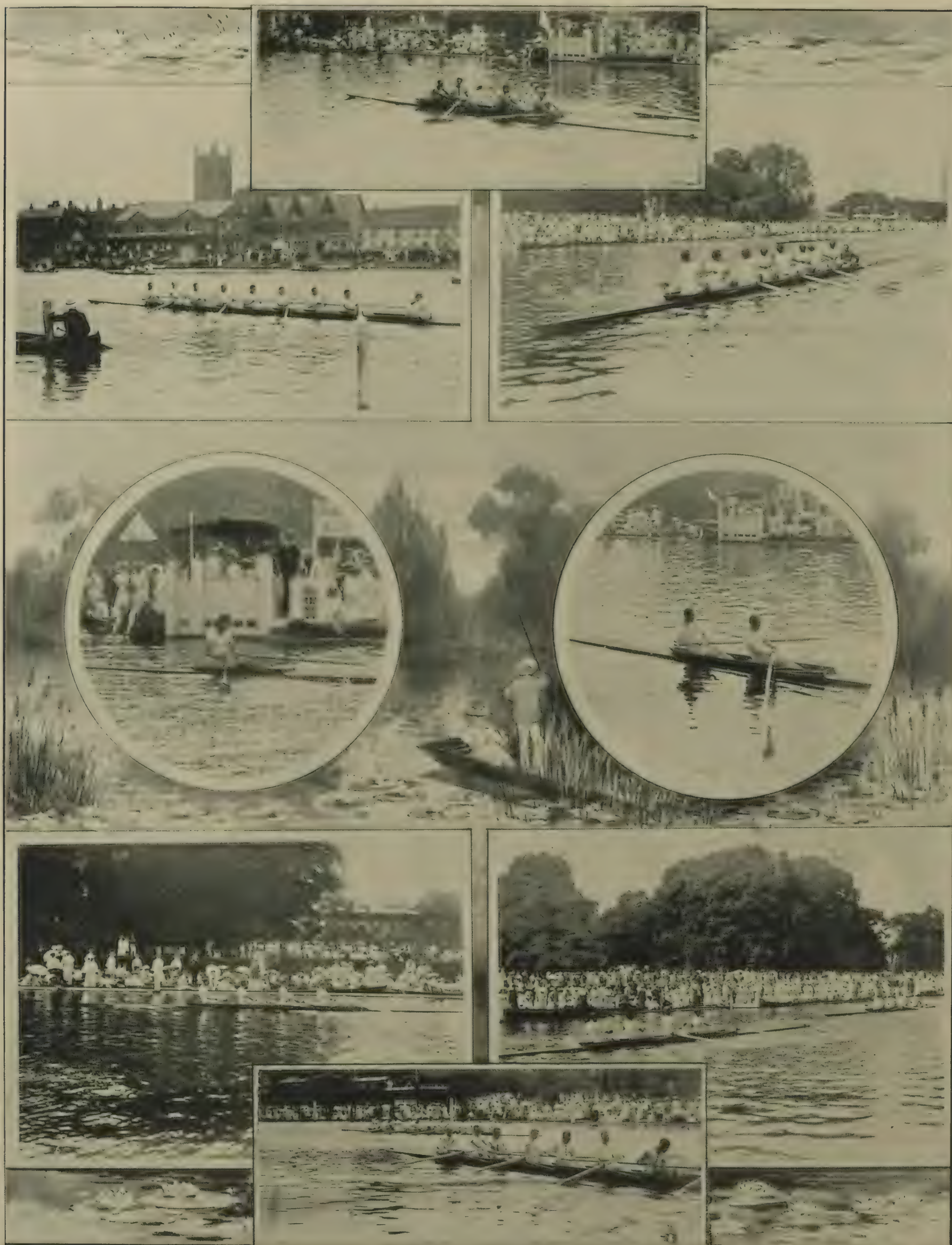
"Timothy!" ejaculated Ann-Car'line, with a great affectation of surprise.

Timothy Kiddle leaned over the hurdles and kissed her with great earnestness and satisfaction.

"Nothing like having a thing settled!" said he.

THE END.

HENLEY REGATTA: THE WINNERS OF THE FINALS.



1. THE VISITORS' CHALLENGE CUP: TRINITY HALL WIN.
2. THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP: THE THAMES ROWING CLUB WIN.
3. THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP: LEANDER BEAT SPORT NAUTIQUE DE GAND, BELGIUM.
4. THE DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS: F. S. KELLY (LEANDER) WINS.
5. THE SILVER GOBELTS AND NICKALLS CHALLENGE CUP: THIRD TRINITY WIN.
6. THE SEWARDS' CHALLENGE CUP: LEANDER ROW OVER.
7. THE WYFOLD CHALLENGE CUP: THE LONDON ROWING CLUB BEAT READING.
8. THE LADIES' CHALLENGE PLATE: ETON WIN.

A JAPANESE GARDEN ON A DINNER - TABLE: A PICTURESQUE DINNER
TO PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARISUGAWA.

Prince Arisugawa.



THE PICTURESQUE BANQUET AT THE SAVOY HOTEL GIVEN BY THE JAPANESE NAVAL ATTACHÉ TO PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARISUGAWA.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

The banquet, held on the evening of July 6, was, in point of decoration, the most singular that has been seen in this country. The table, in the form of an elongated figure eight, the shape of a Japanese basket, had a central space enclosed by a low bamboo fence, within which was a miniature example of Japanese landscape-gardening. A little river flowed past miniature mountains, broadened into a little lake, and disappeared down a valley. Accessories to the picture were Japanese temples and dwarf trees, and bronze bridges spanned the stream.

THE MUTINOUS "KNIAZ POTEMKIN'S" BRIEF BUT EXCITING CAREER: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM ODESSA, THE TOWN
THREATENED BY THE BATTLE-SHIP AND FIRED BY RIOTERS.



1. THE "GEORG I POBIEDONOSTSEFF," WHICH THREW IN HER LOT WITH THE "KNIAZ POTEMKIN," BUT SOON DECIDED TO SURRENDER TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.
2. TROOPS ENCAMPTED IN THE SQUARE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

3. THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AND THE SHIPS BURNT BY THE RIOTERS.
4. A VIEW OF THE PORT OF ODESSA, SHOWING THE MUTINOUS "KNIAZ POTEMKIN" NEAR THE LIGHTHOUSE.

5. THE BURNT-OUT YARD OF THE RUSSIAN STEAM-SHIP COMPANY DESTROYED BY THE RIOTERS.
6. THE MUTINOUS BATTLE-SHIP "KNIAZ POTEMKIN," WHICH DECLARED WAR ON RUSSIA, AND HAS NOW SURRENDERED TO ROUMANIA.

The mutinous battle-ship "Kniaz Potemkin" has been the centre of some of the most extraordinary events of the present extraordinary situation in Russia. Her mutiny, her threats to fire upon Odessa and upon Theodosia, her declaration of war against the Russian Government, the many stories which credited her with the capture or the sinking of British and other foreign vessels, her defiance of the Black Sea Squadron, and finally her diplomatic surrender to the Roumanian Government, make up a series of chapters that no one, save perhaps Jules Verne, would have dared to suggest in fiction. And while she was thus in mutiny, Odessa, into whose harbour she came, was in the throes of a strike, which, naturally enough, was aggravated when the state of affairs on the "Kniaz Potemkin" became known. The town itself was promptly put under military law, but rioting still went on. Beyond this it is difficult to say much with any certainty, for the reports concerning the situation are as varied, and on the whole, as picturesque as those usually coming from Russia. Our photographs are by a Correspondent in Odessa.

A GREAT LANDOWNER'S WEDDING: DEPARTURE OF THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BUTE ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO, BY LAFAYETTE, BY W. ERSKYNE MAY, AND BY THE ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. THE EMBARKATION FOR SCOTLAND.

2. THE SCENE IN ANNAGASSAN HARBOUR AT THE TIME OF THE EMBARKATION.

3. ROWING THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS TO THE TURBINE "PRINCESS MAUD."

4. "GOOD-BYE": THE MARCHIONESS ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "PRINCESS MAUD."

5. THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

6. THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS LEAVING THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL AT KILSARAN.

7. THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS ON BOARD THE BOAT ON WHICH THEY WERE WED TO THE SPECIALLY-CHARTERED "PRINCESS MAUD."

8. THE MARCHIONESS SAYS "GOOD-BYE" TO HER FATHER'S TENANTS.

The Marquess of Bute was married on July 1st at Castletown, Ireland, to Miss Augusta Bellingham, daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., Lord of the manor. The ceremony was performed in the Roman Catholic chapel at Kilsaran. After the reception at Bellingham Castle, the Marquess and Marchioness drove to Annagassan, where they embarked for Scotland on board the turbine-steamer "Princess Maud." An account of the wedding is given in "The World's News."

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

HEALTH IN SUMMER.

The advent of the warm season of the year brings with it a suggestion that an article devoted to the consideration of health in the summer-time might be regarded as likely to prove appropriate and useful. The influence of the seasons of the year on our physical welfare has before now received a large amount of scientific attention. The inquiries of Sir A. Mitchell, M.D., and Dr. Alexander Buchan as to the prevalence of typical diseases at certain periods of the year remain to us as classic researches. The fact, for example, that typhoid fever attains its maximum in the autumn of the year—whence the Americans derive their name of "fall fever"—forms a fact of much practical interest in view of the theories explaining why the germ of the disease should attain a greater virulence and a wider distribution than at other periods. Again, the curve of scarlet fever shows a distinct rise for London from September to the close of the year, while for New York the curve rises from December to May, falls to June, and goes below the line for the rest of the year.

There are curious differences in the incidence of a disease in the Old and the New World respectively. Measles here is most prevalent in May, June, and July, the curve falling from August to October, and again rising in November and December, to fall in January. Whooping-cough is most with us from January to May; we are relatively free from May to December. Leaving out the consideration of special ailments and their seasonal developments, there remains for our own study the question of health-risks in summer. One general condition may be said to underlie the origin of all such risks. The warm season causes the great army of microbes to breed and multiply in thick profusion. With this increase in the number of our microscopic foes, our risks proportionately enlarge. Think for a moment of the tainting of food, for instance. A food which in the winter will keep for days may spoil in as many hours in summer. Such a result is a testimony to its rapid and effective invasion by the microbes which cause decomposition.

That which is of importance for us to bear in mind is that such injurious changes in foods are not always easy of detection. This is why in summer we may read of cases of food-poisoning, often, unhappily, fatal, caused by the consumption of articles which were apparently sound. The changes produced are of such a subtle nature that at first, at least, they are not realised. The food appears fresh; in reality, it is dangerous. Usually it is made so because it has been kept in insanitary surroundings. This is especially the case, let me add, with tinned foods. They are sound enough and wholesome enough; but when the tins are opened, the rule for safety is to consume the foods as quickly as possible. In this way, injurious changes due to their exposure to the air are avoided, and safety, as a rule, is ensured.

I have often heard the question asked, why, if decomposition of food is a barrier to its use, we should eat "high" game. I reply, cases of game-poisoning are not unknown, but in ordinary practice the game is kept so long that a first set of dangerous microbes producing decomposition has disappeared and is replaced by other and harmless ones. In other words, game eaten in a state of commencing decomposition would be injurious; later on, as a rule, it is not. The milk question in summer is of extreme importance, and every sanitarian appreciates this fact. Milk, of all fluids, is liable to absorb injurious matters. Its very nature, as a semi-vital kind of fluid, predisposes it to ready microbic attack. It is a breeding-ground selected with avidity by certain microbes, and as such its careless treatment in our homes is apt to render it a certain source of illness. Medical officers of health will tell us of a veritable slaughter of the innocents occurring in our great towns and cities every summer, in the shape of a big death-rate of infants under one year old.

This is caused by infantile cholera, and as the death-rate is greatest by far among hand-fed infants, we know the origin of the disease is to be looked for in the milk. This fluid is exposed to diverse and insanitary conditions. It is not boiled or sterilised as it should be, and it is often exposed to dust and other insanitary surroundings. And so the helpless infant is infected with an ailment which may carry it off in a few hours.

Then there is the question of our water-supply in summer. We go abroad for a holiday and we return with typhoid fever, the result of injudicious water-drinking. Far better would it be if, when abroad, we consumed Apollinaris or other pure mineral water, and rejected the ordinary supplies, so frequently fraught with grave danger, the source of such water being unknown, and as often as not polluted. Even the country-house, with its well-supply, may contribute to the list of sources of illness. The well sooner or later must become defective, and pollution from the soil around an obvious fact. Thus arises the necessity for water-purification by aid of filters. Now, the ordinary filter has been fully discredited by science. It cannot possibly remove from water the germs of disease, which last is the true object of all effective filtration. We should use filters of scientific type, whereof the Berkefeld and the Pasteur-Chamberland are types. These we use in scientific laboratories where the need exists for a supply of germ-free water. Nowadays they are made and sold for household use. The former filters more quickly, and I approve of it also because of its simplicity of make. Pleased am I to see such a filter used by railway companies to supply pure water free of charge. Let us preserve our health always, but most certainly in summer-time, when we are recuperating for the work to come.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

T. R. KNOX.—Your problems to hand. We fear the one commencing with a check is too crude, and in the other if Black play Q to Kt 7th, where is the mate?

R. S. NUGENT.—There is no mate in the way you suggest for No. 3191, although, unfortunately, there is another second solution.

F. G. WARREN (Leicester).—The only occasion the masters you name have met in tournament play was at Hastings.

R. BEE.—Your three-mover commencing 1. K takes P can be solved by 1. B to B 5th (ch), K takes B, 2. Q mates. In the two-mover with key 1. R to Q B 3rd, if Black play R to B 7th, we cannot see any mate. The other in which you play 1. Q to R 6th is too simple.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 3177 TO 3180 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3180 from Thakur Hari Singh (Lahore, India); of No. 3187 and 3188 from G. Devey Farmer, M.D. (Ancaster, Ontario); of No. 3189 from Marco Salem (Sasso), C. Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and G. Devey Farmer, M.D. (Ancaster); of No. 3190 from D. Newton (Lisbon), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), and Charles Burnett; of 3191 from Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), C. E. Perugini, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Marco Salem (Sasso), Thomas Charlton, and D. Newton (Lisbon).

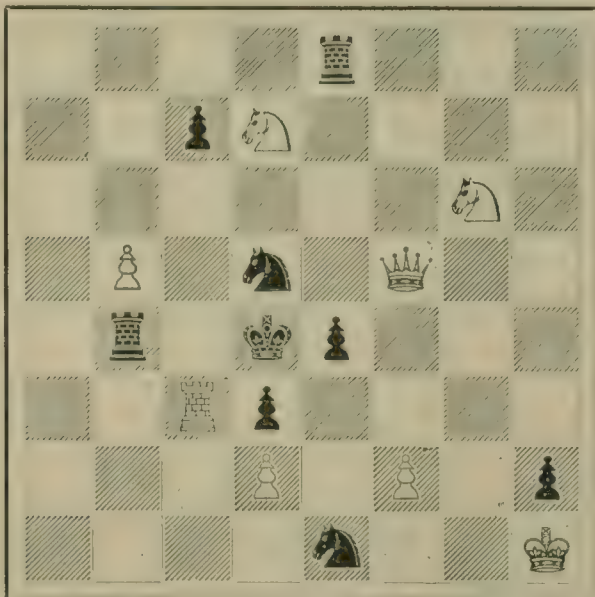
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3192 received from Edith Corser (Reigate), Albert Wolff (Putney), T. Roberts, A. Marks (Stratford), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), Doryman, Café Glacier (Marseilles), P. Daly (Brighton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F. A. Hancock (Bristol), E. G. Rodway (Trowbridge), R. Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, F. Henderson (Leeds), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), L. Desanges (West Drayton), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Sconic, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), A. G. Langley (Southsea), J. W. Haynes, Charles Burnett, W. Hopkinson (Derby), H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge), and J. D. Tucker (Ilkley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3191.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Kt 6th K to Kt 3rd
2. P to K 3rd, etc.
1. B to B 5th, followed by 2. P to K 3rd, is another way of solving this problem.

PROBLEM No. 3194.—By FRED THOMPSON (Derby).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN OSTEND.

Game played in the International Tournament between

Messrs. ALAPIN and TAUBENHAUS.

(Stannett's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. P to K R 4th	B to Q 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Q R to B sq	R to K sq
3. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	21. P to R 5th	Kt to B sq
4. Q to R 4th	P to B 3rd	22. B to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th
5. B to Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd	23. P to R 6th	
6. P takes P	Q takes P	The use made of this Pawn is very clever. It practically disorganises the defence.	
7. P to Q 4th		24. P to B 5th	P to Kt 3rd
Here the game leaves the books, and another variation is added to this interesting opening.		25. B takes B	B takes Kt
8. B to K 3rd	B to Q 2nd	26. B takes P	P to Kt 4th
9. P takes P	Kt to K 4th	27. R to K sq	R takes P
The sort of position to satisfy the soul of Herr Schlechter. There is a rare choice of captures, and everything depends on the correct reply.		An unexpected surprise. The position is quite problematic in its ingenuity, as the consequences to Black are by no means apparent to an offhand inspection. There is no escape, however, from either mate or the loss of a piece.	
10. Kt to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt (ch)	28. K to Kt sq	R to B 5th (ch)
11. P takes Kt	Q to K B 4th	29. R to K 8th (ch)	R takes P
12. Castles Q R		30. R takes Kt	K to Q 2nd
The game is here certainly in White's favour, the opposing pieces being all bottled up.		31. R to Q 8th (ch)	R takes P
13. P to Q 5th	P to Q R 3rd	32. B to B 3rd	Kt to B 2nd
14. B takes B (ch)	Castles	33. R to K Kt 8th	R to K R 5th
15. Q to Q 4th	R takes B	34. R to K sq (ch)	K to Q 3rd
16. Q to K 4th	Kt to B 3rd	35. R to Kt 7th	R to B 6th
17. P takes Q	Q takes Q	36. R takes R P	R (6) to R 6
18. P to B 4th	Q to K 4th	37. B to K 5th (ch)	K to Q 4th
	Kt to Kt 3rd	38. R to Q 7th (ch)	Resigns

Another Game played in the same Tournament between

Messrs. MARSHALL and BURN.

(Ginco Piano.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to K 5th	P takes B
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. R takes B (ch)	K to B 2nd
3. P to B 4th	B to B 4th	13. R to Q 3rd (ch)	K to R 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	14. P to R 4th	P to Kt 5th
5. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15. P to R 5th	Kt takes R P
6. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)	16. Q to B 5th	Resigns
7. K to B sq	Kt takes K P	The intention seems to gain an open file for his K R, but though B P takes B would have made little difference to the actual result, a duller kind of ending would have followed.	
If White's last move had now been met by P to Q 4th, its novelty might not have found much to recommend it, but as the game goes it yields a powerful attack.		17. R takes B (ch)	K takes Kt
8. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 2nd	18. Q to Q 3rd (ch)	K to R 3rd
9. Q to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	19. P to R 4th	P to Kt 5th
10. B to K Kt 5th	P to Kt 3rd	20. P to R 5th	Kt takes R P
11. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to K R 3rd	21. Q to B 5th	Resigns
12. R to K sq (ch)		As pretty a finish as one could wish to see.	

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EUROPE AND MOROCCO.

In conversation with an elderly diplomat now gone to his rest after some forty years of devoted service in many parts of the world, the writer was once assured that only journalists speak freely about Morocco. "It's one of the subjects we don't care to discuss," he said; "it bristles with difficulties of which everybody can see the beginning and none can foretell the end." The truth of this statement has been demonstrated very clearly indeed in the past month or two. The papers have been full of Morocco; the most serious sides of the perplexing situation have been handled with or without discretion as the case may be. Talk in the Press has been the echo of very definite action among the Powers, and there is no longer any attempt to disguise the ugly truth that France and Germany have been nearer to war in the past few weeks than they have been at any time since, just thirty years ago, Prince Bismarck was stopped by the then Tsar and the British Cabinet in his designs for a fresh onslaught upon a beaten foe, and made his bitter complaint about our interference to Lord Odo Russell.

Writing in these columns some weeks ago, we pointed out that all the signs of the times suggested an aggressive foreign policy on the part of Germany. Anglo-French developments had threatened to leave the Kaiser no other support than the somewhat exiguous force associated with the Triple Alliance, which exists more in name than in fact. The war in the Far East, which German policy in China did so much to bring about, has given the Kaiser his chance, and he has handled it in a manner to be expected from one who, despite his impetuosity, must be reckoned among the first statesmen of the day. In the past few weeks he has made a determined and not altogether unsuccessful effort to damage the friendly relations between Great Britain and France, taking occasion by the hand so cleverly that the fabric of Anglo-French relations, in so far as they relate to Morocco, seemed to be tottering to its fall. M. Delcassé, who was prepared to face the consequences of an unyielding attitude, has passed from office, and the dreaded international Conference is now almost assured, but the chaos that prevails in Morocco can hardly be reduced to order by the collective wisdom of Europe. Feeling secure in the promise of German protection, the Sultan has hardened his heart and refused his assent to the various proposals submitted by the French envoy. Mr. Lowther, who went to the Sultan's northern capital ostensibly to present his credentials as newly appointed Minister, in reality to strengthen the hands of the French representative, can hardly accomplish the task that was set before him, because France herself is no longer able to maintain an unwavering attitude.

Events have moved with extraordinary rapidity, and the reason is not far to seek. If the Far Eastern war should come suddenly to an end, Russia will be free once again to help her ally, and the Kaiser's claims must suffer considerable reduction. It was to help France in times past that Russia established a Legation at Tangier, and M. de Bacheracht, the Russian Plenipotentiary, gave unwavering support to all French enterprise in Morocco. With the cessation of hostilities the Russian troops will flow back towards Poland, German pressure in the direction of Alsace and Lorraine will be considerably diminished, and the Tsar, free once more to use his voice in the counsels of Europe, will not fail to talk distinctly; consequently, the Kaiser cannot afford to lose time, and his representatives must not only work hard, they must work quickly.

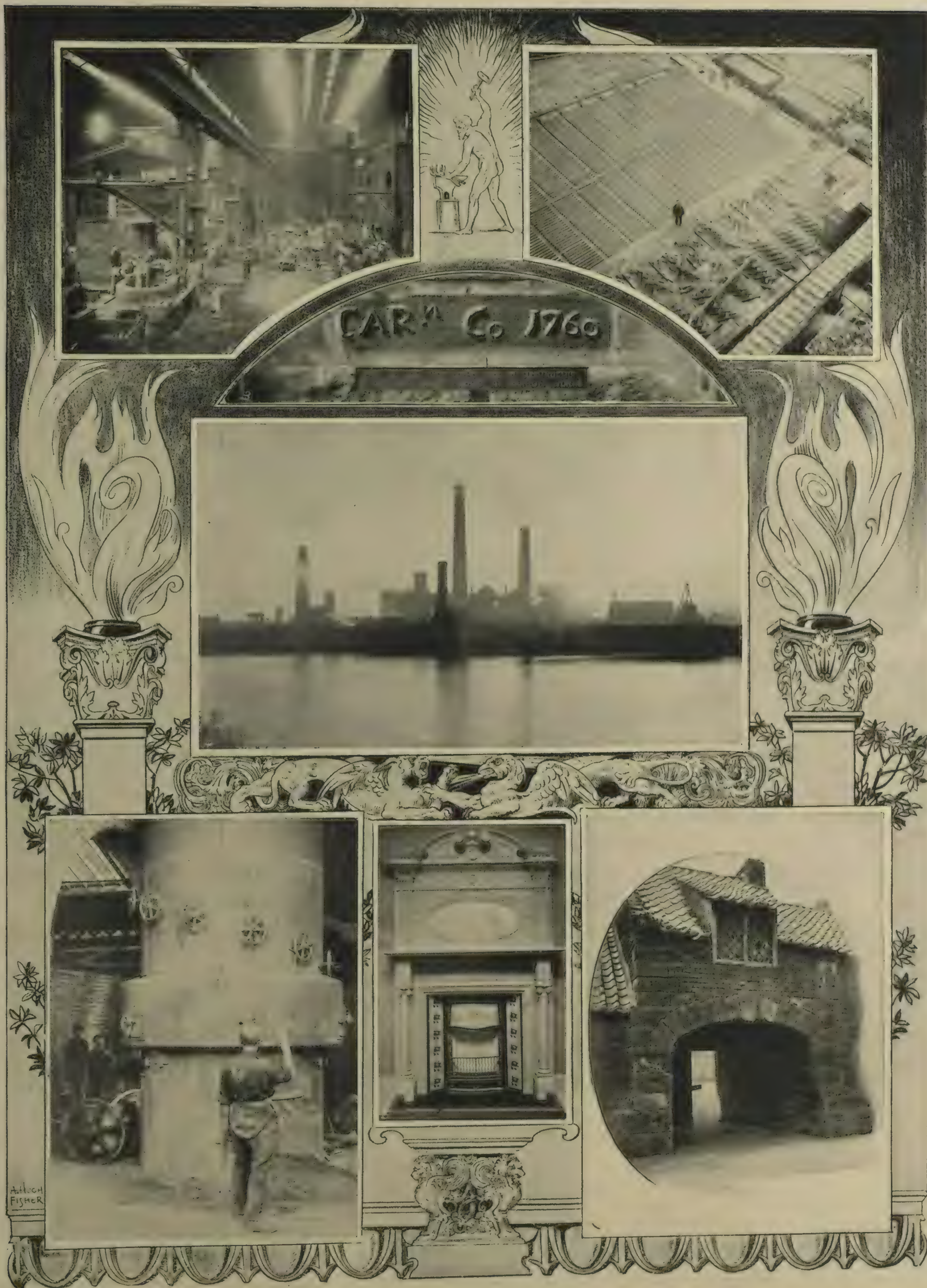
Strange though it may appear, these facts are not only patent to Europe, they are well understood in Fez, where the young Sultan, whose European intelligence is not less than his Oriental subtlety, is kept fairly well informed of the march of events. The object of his advisers is to keep the Powers apart, to grant nothing, to refuse nothing, but to meet every request with the assurance that it shall be fulfilled—should Allah will. If the country itself were in a more settled state, if pretenders would cease their troubling and the great country Kaid would turn for a moment from the consideration of their pockets, it is not unlikely that Morocco would issue from this tussle, as from others, with a fresh lease of life. Even in the present circumstances, there is no reason to doubt that the Moors will surrender nothing without a struggle. They will temporise with all the Powers, but, for his throne if not for his life, Abel el Aziz dares not make any substantial concessions to the hated infidel.

At the time of writing, Fez is full of great Wazéers and Kaid who exercise a sort of regal sovereignty over vast tracts of Moorish territory to which the Sultan's writ does not run. They are awaiting the result of negotiations with patient interest, but should their master fail in what they hold to be the bounden duty of all True Believers, and the special duty of the Commander of the Faithful, they will raise the banner of revolt and will offer the throne of Morocco to the most influential of the Sultan's blood relations who is able and willing to lead the Jihad. Letters from Fez and Marrakesh emphasise the national determination to yield independence only on the stricken field.

Five years of active and unscrupulous pressure have not carried French arms far to the west of her proper Algerian boundaries, and the difficulties of the advance there have hardly been repaid by achievements. In France, too, there is a very powerful party opposed to a policy of adventure in Morocco, and that party, despite M. Etienne, points to the hard facts revealed by figures, and can show that the three million square miles of territory, "mostly sand," constituting the French African Empire have been paid for at such a heavy price in blood and money that many years must pass before they can be regarded as profitable or even reasonable investments.

So we see that diplomacy is justified of her earlier fears; the situation in Morocco is altered rather than improved, while the situation in Europe is more complicated than it was before; and it will be no fault of a certain Power if, despite French concessions, things are not worse before they are better.

THE LAMP OF EAST STIRLINGSHIRE: A GREAT IRON CENTRE.



1. THE FOUNDRY.

2. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE BLAST-FURNACES, SHOWING THE PIG BEDS.

3. ANCIENT CASTING AT CARRON: PART OF THE CAST-IRON LINTEL USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE FIRST BLAST-FURNACE AT CARRON.

4. THE BLAST-FURNACES.

5. A JET OF WHITE-HOT METAL FROM A FURNACE.

6. A CARRON CASTING.

7. THE OLD NORTH GATE OF THE CARRON WORKS.

It is nearly a century and a half since the great Carron Ironworks were established by Royal Charter in Stirlingshire, the eastern part of which is lighted up every night for a radius of twenty miles by the flames of the firm's vast blast-furnaces. There iron is smelted by the most complete methods known to science, and the company executes every form of casting, from great pillars weighing forty tons to delicately moulded "Adam" mantelpieces. In the Carron engineering shops large Admiralty contracts are executed, and the company's fine line of steamers runs between the Forth, the Humber, the Ouse, and the Thames. Burns once called at Carron on a Sunday, was denied admission, and left on the window of the neighbouring inn a biting epigram on the porter.

SHEFFIELD IN GALA DRESS: THE CITY DECORATED IN HONOUR OF THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN SHEFFIELD.



1. THE ROYAL PAVILION AT MESSRS. VICKERS, SONS, AND MAXIM'S, WHOSE WORKS IT WAS ARRANGED THAT THE KING AND QUEEN SHOULD VISIT.
2. THE BUILDING OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, WITH THE TOWER OF THE TOWN HALL BEHIND IT.

3. THE ARCH IN GLOSSOP ROAD.
4. THE FLORAL CANOPY IN MARKET PLACE.
5. THE CROWD VIEWING THE DECORATIONS IN CHURCH STREET.
6. THE NOVEL DESIGN FOR A STREET DECORATION, INCLUDING A BARRICADE, ADOPTED IN FARGATE.

7. THE CORNER OF FITZALAN SQUARE.
8. SOME STREET DECORATIONS.
9. THE ELABORATE ARCHWAY LEADING TO MESSRS. VICKERS, SONS, AND MAXIM'S WORKS.

Sheffield was elaborately decorated for the visit of the King and Queen, the colour-scheme frequently introducing the King's racing colours. The figured especially on the Florentine banners hung in the main thoroughfare. The most ambitious of the six triumphal arches constructed for the occasion was that erected in the Glossop Road, while the "Four-way" arch leading to Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim's also provided a novelty. Messrs. Defries, of Houndsditch, carried out the official decoration.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO COTTONOPOLIS: STREETS AND BUILDINGS SEEN BY THE KING
AND QUEEN DURING THEIR VISIT TO MANCHESTER.



EXCHANGE STATION, CROMWELL'S STATUE,
AND THE CATHEDRAL.



THE TOWN HALL AND ALBERT SQUARE,
FROM THE CORNER OF CROSS STREET.



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



OXFORD STREET.



MANCHESTER'S VERSION OF
PICCADILLY, SEEN FROM THE
ROYAL HOTEL.



THE NEW DOCK, MANCHESTER SHIP
CANAL, WHICH IT WAS ARRANGED
THE KING AND QUEEN SHOULD OPEN.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING ADMIRAL TOGO'S TRAFALGAR: THE TERRIBLE HAVOC
WROUGHT ON THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP "OREL" BY THE JAPANESE GUNS.



THE SHOT-RIDDLED "OREL," LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE HURRICANE DECK.

The "Orel" was one of the unfortunate Russian vessels so signally defeated by Admiral Togo in the naval battle of the Sea of Japan, and she was among the vessels pursued by the Japanese after they had scattered their opponents' fleet. On May 28 she was attacked near Liancourt Rocks, surrendered, and was taken to Matsuru. Some idea of the destructive force of the modern naval gun can be gained from the photograph here shown, the first taken after the battle.



1. CAGNO, OF ITALY, WHO WAS THIRD IN THE RACE, TAKING THE REMISE TURNING. 2. ROLLS, OF ENGLAND, WHO MADE THE BEST TIME FOR THE BRITISH TEAM, AFTER TAKING THE REMISE TURNING.
3. LANCIA, OF ITALY, WHO WOULD PROBABLY HAVE BEATEN THÉRY BUT FOR A BREAKDOWN DURING THE THIRD ROUND.
4. THÉRY, OF FRANCE, THE WINNER OF THE RACE, AT A DANGEROUS CORNER. 5. THÉRY AT THE GREAT TURNING.

FRANCE'S LAST VICTORY IN THE MOTOR-DERBY: THE RACE FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP, 1905.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRANGER.

Théry, driving a Richard-Brasier for France, won the Gordon-Bennett Cup for the second time on July 5, and his victory will be the last that France will score in the race, for she has decided not to defend the Cup again. It seems more than probable that Lancia, who was driving a Fiat for Italy, would have won had he not met with a mishap during the third round, for in the first two rounds he gained 12 min. 56 sec. on the winner. Théry covered the course in 7 h. 2 min. 42 3-5 sec.; Nazzari, of Italy, in 7 h. 19 min. 9 1-5 sec.; and Cagno, also of Italy, in 7 h. 21 min. 22 3-5 sec. Rolls, the best of the British team, finished in 8 h. 26 min. 42 1-5 sec., and he was followed by Earp, who took 8 h. 27 min. 29 4-5 sec.



1. THE PROCESSION ON THE ALEXANDER BRIDGE. 4. THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE REMAINS, DRAWN BY SIX HORSES DRIVEN BY FRENCH ARTILLERYMEN AND ESCORTED BY AMERICAN SAILORS.
2. FRENCH AND AMERICAN SAILORS AND FRENCH INFANTRY READY TO TAKE THEIR PLACES IN THE PROCESSION. 3. THE AMERICAN MARINES AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION. 5. THE ARRIVAL OF THE REMAINS AT THE INVALIDES STATION.

FRANCE GIVES THE CUSTODY OF THE REMAINS OF THE "FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY" TO THE UNITED STATES: THE REMOVAL OF ADMIRAL PAUL JONES'S BODY TO CHERBOURG, EN ROUTE FOR AMERICA.

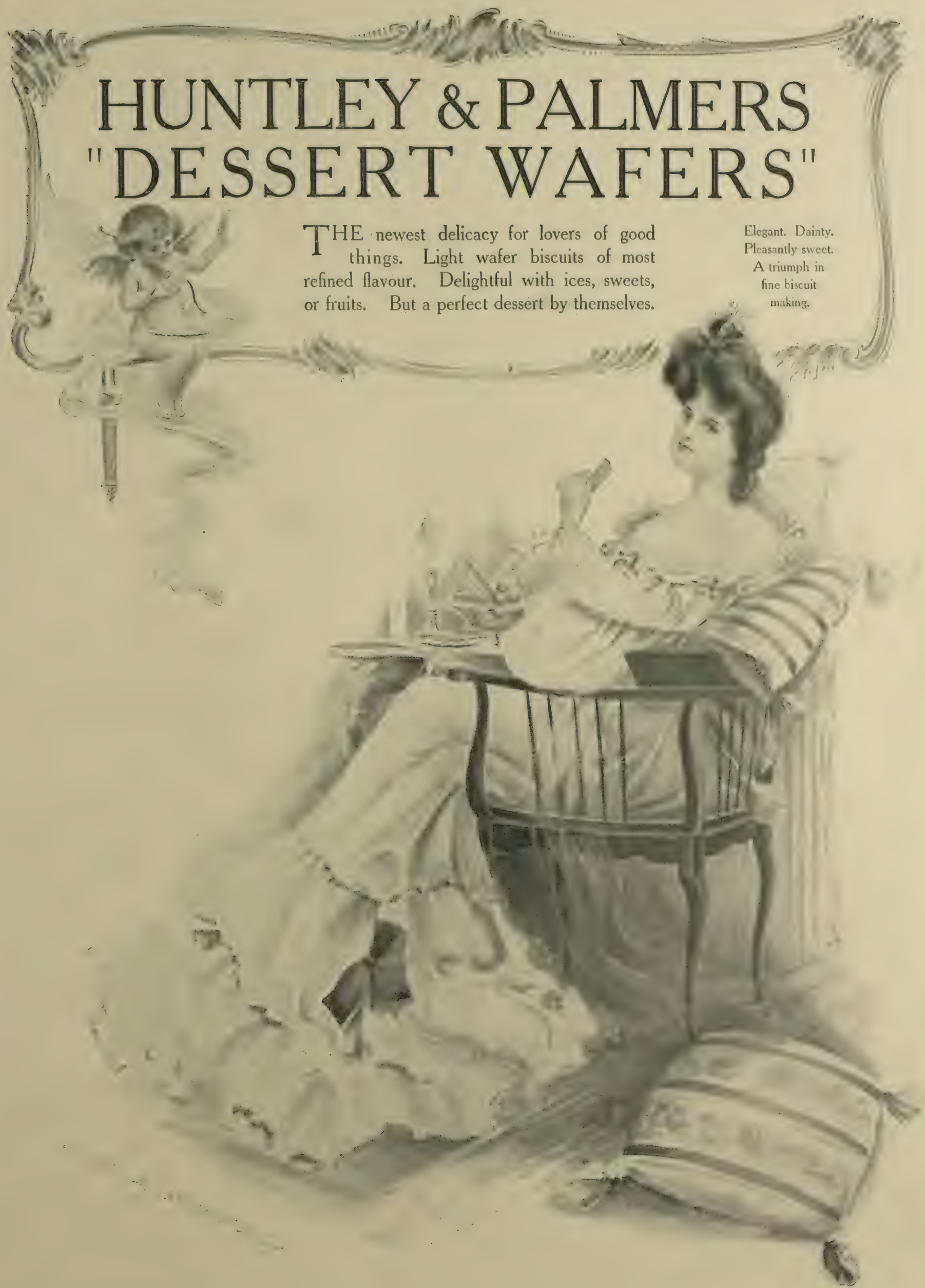
FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL; NO. 5 BY CHUSSEAU-FLAVIENS.

The remains of Admiral Paul Jones, the Scottish-American naval adventurer to whom America is determined to pay honour as the father of her navy, were discovered in an obscure cemetery in Paris some while ago, after a search extending over a considerable period, and on Thursday of last week they were escorted in state from the Episcopal Church in the Avenue de l'Alma to the Gare des Invalides. From there they were taken to Cherbourg for embarkation on the war-ship "Brooklyn," specially detailed by the American Government to bear them to the United States.

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LADIES' PAGE.

"Why do clever men so often have silly children?" is a question that is frequently asked. I have always ventured to suggest that it is because the men were not clever enough to select wise women for their wives; they were led away to mate with a mute worshipper or a pretty plaything, instead of choosing a comrade with ability equal or almost equal to their own. The brilliant man, almost to a proverb, makes this blunder; no wonder that he fails to transmit his genius! The theory that it is the clever mother who is wanted is borne out by the return just made of the women's successes at Cambridge in the Tripos. Three of the most



A PRETTY FÊTE GOWN.

White muslin brightened with bands of satin mousseline, and finished with embroideries on revers and cuffs. The short chiffon boa and the hat are both fashion's latest fancies.

brilliant successes are those of the daughter of an academically distinguished mother. Miss Verrall, who tied for the First Honours in Classics, Part I., is a daughter of Dr. Verrall, former Tutor of Trinity, and himself Second Classic in his day, and of his wife, who took Honours in Classics in 1880. Miss Wright, who has gained a Second-Class in Natural Science, is the daughter of a Fifth Wrangler father and a mother who was an Honours woman in the Moral Science Tripos in 1875. Miss Koppel, who has a Second Class in the Historical Tripos, is the daughter of a mother who was in the First Class in the Natural Science Tripos in 1873. This year's record in this respect only continues that of the remarkable family of the distinguished scholar, Professor Hudson, whose wife was a brilliant Newnham student, and whose sons and daughters alike have carried off honours year after year, each shining successfully as their turn came. It reminds me of the beautifully worded prophecy of Tennyson at the end of "The Princess," where the poet suggests that "The woman's cause is man's"; for when man and woman "have liker grown: He gained in sweetness and in moral height—she mental breadth," then alone there will come "the crowning race of humankind."

Women who take an interest in the achievements of their sisters may feel this week to be a proud one; for besides the record of the women's successes in the Cambridge Triposes (which are many more than those just mentioned to illustrate a special point) they are stated in the report of King's College to "have obtained a large number of prizes in the college and quite their share of distinctions in the London University." Only four Doctors of Science have been admitted by this University at the last sittings, and of the four one is a lady. Again, a distinction that, some argue, belongs to a woman is that given to Professor Curie, who has been elected to the French Academy of Science for the discovery of radium, which it is known and admitted was made, in large measure, at all events, by Madame Curie, though she was no doubt aided by her husband. Then there are two instances in the week of remarkable courage on the part of women. One story comes from Paris: a female concierge, armed only with a sword-stick, confronted a burglar armed with a loaded revolver, compelled him to disgorge his spoil, and afterwards secured his

arrest; and a Mrs. Clarke, the wife of a railway-porter, has been thanked by a Judge for having been the only person who had the courage to go to the assistance of a policeman when he was kicked insensible by a gang of roughs. This brave woman was herself seriously hurt by the ruffians, but the Recorder "regretted that he had no power to reward her with a sum of money." Surely some public fund should exist to compensate citizens or "citizenesses" who so valiantly encounter deadly peril in the public service? And was not the Albert Medal instituted for just such cases of civil courage as that of Mrs. Clarke?

Had motors in the Park continued and multiplied, probably the fashion of an afternoon drive there would have gone the way that the Sunday "Church Parade" has already gone. The change in the weekly promenade in the last three or four seasons is amazing, and it is much more marked this season than before. The Sunday after Ascot brought home the truth very clearly. On that day, it used to be fashionable to show off one's best Ascot gown on the stretch of gravel between the Achilles statue and Stanhope Gate; this year there were hardly a dozen good frocks to be seen. It is no longer fashionable to do that walk from half-past twelve to two. The crowd is as great as ever, but it comes by train and 'bus from the vast fields of Suburbia. Tolerable gowns and society women in them are few and far between, and Belgravia's and Mayfair's inhabitants go straight home to lunch, if they are not "week-ending." The motor is responsible. People rush away now in a car to some down-the-river or rural retreat. That is the proper thing to do, and if the whole fashionable world cannot actually do it, at least individual abstinence shall not be advertised. "Church Parade" has followed the Brighton front, the Royal Academy Private View, and some other once smart rendezvous that are now no longer scenes of interest. "All passes." But the afternoon drive is still a feature of the world of fashion. The Queen knows that people delight in catching a glimpse of her in the Park, and she kindly gratifies the desire frequently when she is in town, though to herself the incessant bowing of her head and the gracious watchfulness not to overlook any greetings made to her must be fatiguing in the extreme. One afternoon her Majesty appeared in her favourite mauve and white; while at the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club the Queen wore black with a black-and-white toque and a white ostrich-feather boa.

Round boas, partly owing to the Queen's constant patronage of these articles for neckwear instead of the flat stoles, are the highest fashion again, but a good one is the only possible wear, and they are extremely costly; ten guineas is the lowest price at which one of enduring appearance is to be obtained, even at the sales, while a fine thick and long boa may be half as much again. This is not wonderful when we remember that a deep "tip" that might have trimmed a hat successfully is represented by every curly frond of a good fluffy boa. There are, naturally, substitutes of the boa description for those whose dress allowances are too modest to permit of their glancing towards the real curly ostrich-feather ones. A mixture of marabout diminishes the price notably, without too grave disadvantage to the appearance. Some of the boas are of the purest white, others are all black; and, again, many colours are dyed; the Queen's mauve one, which was such a feature of her costume in the season, was remarkably soft and becoming in tint. There are also very pretty ombre boas and stoles, shading from a dark to a light tint of the colour. The cut coque feathers make a boa that is warm to draw round the throat as the evening grows chilly, or to soften the effect near the face of a somewhat hard gown, and these are cheap enough. But, alas! like many another dress economy, it is idle to pretend that a cheap one is the same in effect as a fifteen-guinea ostrich-feather one; and the only consolation must be the philosophical principle that "when you cannot have what you like, you must like what you can have!"

Madame Simone Le Bargy, who is playing in English with Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's, is a revelation to the people who have not seen French acting at home, by her natural and restrained style, her small, narrow gestures, her effects produced by facial expression and moving tones, not by wide action and passionate declamation. I found her extremely interesting, and her gowns equally so. She is like a bit of Dresden china in a case of Bow or Chinese blue-and-white, and her dainty, drooping, and flowing robes harmonise. They depend for their charm on their embroideries very largely, for in structure they are simple, plain, and full in skirt, and, as regards the corsage, loose at the sides and filled in with a handsome vest. The first act is played in a lace, loose "bridge coat," as it is now the whim to call the erstwhile coffee-coat; the lace allows the figure to be seen through, but it, like the muslin skirt, is simply full and loose. The evening dress is of white crêpe-de-Chine, very deeply trimmed round the foot and having stole-ends of a heavy gold and pale-green embroidery on the corsage; and the last gown is an Irish crochet lace coat, with a white poplin skirt trimmed only by a broad band of the same "point d'Irlande" straightly placed down the front breadth. It all looks as if "any dressmaker could do it," yet the effect is graceful and striking. This is really the most artistic fashion of making.

For every sort of gown there is abundant choice of ornamentation, and the sales permit a moderate expenditure to secure a stock of considerable variety. There are tiny roses in pink or pale-blue chiffon made into Empire wreaths; there are lace motifs of every shape and size, many of them worked on with gold, or silver, or black, or brightened with sequins; *entre-deux* of various kinds; incrustations or medallions in silk; bands of artistically designed passementeries; trappings of cloth, silk, tinted gauze or velours, often

delicately hand-painted, but sometimes so well printed in the manufacture that the decoration might pass for hand-painting; and then there are pleated chiffon frills, and lace frills, and silk gaugings, and other gatherings of many kinds. In short, innumerable trimmings are offered, and they deserve every whit as much wise consideration as do the materials and the designs of the gowns.

The Paris model gowns that are sold off at this season often represent the English fashions of next year. It is to be remembered, however, that to buy them is as much of speculation in its way as your husband's little gamble on the Stock Exchange in "futures," as the faculty of certain prophecy has been denied to the cleverest of us. Especially is this the case with dress, which is so whimsically dependent on fancy, and often takes unexpected turns. Nevertheless, with judgment, it is quite possible to buy models that will seem the very latest thing here some time later on. A peach-coloured chiffon velours dinner-gown, made with a long Louis coat opening over a full and plain skirt, just edged round the hem with a band of gold passementerie, faced down the edge of the coat with revers of ivory Venetian point, and having a folded fichu-like collar round the shoulders of ecru net overlaid with a fine white lace, the vest taking the form of a folded white satin deep belt, with a few folds coming above it to the bust—this is a frock, as an illustration, that I would cheerfully risk my future smartness upon. So is a dinner-gown in white taffetas trimmed all round the décolletage, and thence down either side of the front of the corsage and on right to the feet on the skirt, with a ruche of the same taffetas punctuated at distances of some four inches with rosettes of white velvet, having a tiny cherry-red velvet centre to each one of them. The vest formed by the space between the ruchings is filled in with Alençon lace, on which grelots of gold on cherry-red velvet strings are placed; and the very wide elbow-sleeves are also lace-trimmed, hoop-fashion, at close intervals, with ruches of taffetas and rosettes exactly like the front.

In this hot weather, and especially for travelling, a good supply of eau-de-Cologne becomes a necessity of existence. The most refreshing and perfectly agreeable and reliable make is that distinguished by the



A PRACTICAL GOWN FOR COWES.

This excellent yachting-dress can be built in white serge or linen, with vest and revers in red or blue braided white.

numbers "4711." This brand is procurable from all good chemists and stores, and is the nicest that I know.

Why "Prince's Polishing Powder" should bear that title may appear uncertain at first glance, but is soon apparent. This powder has the endorsement of the households of the most exalted personages. The Assayers to the Bank of England have tested it, and certify that it contains no material deleterious to either silver or gold, and then the Yeoman of the Plate to her late Majesty, as well as other equally reliable persons used to the care of plate, testify that Prince's Powder is "the best for producing a brilliant and deep polish on plate." It cleans also brass, steel, and glass, and is an invaluable adjunct to the household armoury.

FILomena.

ROYAL INTEREST IN INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO.

THE MEMBERS OF THE WINNING TEAM DRINKING FROM THE SILVER LOVING-CUP.

Duke of Connaught.



The Queen.

THE QUEEN WATCHING THE MATCH BETWEEN THE 6TH (INNISKILLING) DRAGOONS AND THE 20TH HUSSARS AT HURLINGHAM.

DRAWING BY W. RUSSELL FLINT; PHOTOGRAPH BY BAKER AND DIXON.

The Queen was an interested witness of the final game in the Inter-regimental Polo Tournament at Hurlingham, played on Saturday of last week, arriving in time to see the start of what proved to be an exceedingly close contest, and remaining until the finish to present the cup to the winning team, the 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons, who won by four goals to three. The winners were introduced to her Majesty by Lord Ancaster, and were the recipients not only of the huge silver loving-cup, from which they drank in accordance with tradition, but of royal congratulations.

BRITONS IN BRITTANY: THE VISIT OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET TO FRANCE.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT BREST.



La Gloire.

Victorious.

King Edward VII.

Masséna.

THE BRITISH FLEET ARRIVING AT BREST, AND SALUTING THE FRENCH FLEET.

On July 10 a British Fleet cast anchor in the harbour of Brest for the first time since 1865, in which year also a British Squadron visited the port. At about four in the morning two French destroyers left the harbour with the pilots engaged to conduct the Atlantic Fleet to its moorings. These met their visitors far out at sea, and led them, in two columns, steaming line abreast, to the entrance of the harbour. There the formation was changed to line ahead, and the British battle-ships slowed down and moved to their moorings, with the "King Edward VII.," Vice-Admiral Sir William May's flag-ship, leading the way. On approaching the harbour, the British vessels fired a salute, which was answered from Brest Castle.

BRITONS IN BRITTANY: THE VISIT OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET TO FRANCE.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT, ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS AT BREST.



VESSELS OF WAR IN PEACEFUL GUISE: THE BALL ON BOARD THE "JAURÉGUIBERRY" AND THE "FORMIDABLE."

One of the features of the many entertainments organised in honour of the visit of the Atlantic Fleet to Brest was the ball given on July 11 on board the battle-ships "Jauréguiberry" and "Formidable," which were lashed together for the purpose. The Admiral's bridge became a bandstand, the quarter-deck a foyer, and the forecabin and upper works were converted into an admirable stage for dancers. Trophies of arms played a prominent part in the decoration. The entertainment was divided on the "Jauréguiberry," supper being laid on the "Formidable." Some 2000 guests were invited, and these included practically all the British officers, the French officers, the naval and civil authorities, and many wives.



RIVAL BLUES AT CRICKET: OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE AT LORD'S

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

The Oxford and Cambridge match drew, as usual, a large number of fashionable spectators. The cricket was thoroughly interesting, the fielding of Cambridge being particularly good. Cambridge won by 40 runs after some sensational play. At half-past three on the Friday Oxford held a tremendous advantage, but Colbeck and McDonnell turned the fortunes of the day.



A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE: ROMAN CATHOLICS ON THEIR WAY TO VISIT THE SHRINE OF ST. THOMAS À BECKET.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

Canterbury recently witnessed a scene decidedly unusual in her streets nowadays, a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. The procession of clergy and their attendants headed a party of Roman Catholics, who had journeyed from London, from the station to the Cathedral.

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Delightful old mansions.
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*Tourist and Week-End Tickets to Buxton, Matlock, &c.,
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Dry and bracing moorland
atmosphere.
Wild and romantic rock and river
scenery.
Druidical and Roman relics.
Ruins of Fountain's and Bolton
Abbeys.

*Tourist and Week-End Tickets to Harrogate,
Ilkley, Ben Rhydding, &c., from certain stations.*

MORECAMBE AND THE LAKE DISTRICT

*Tourist and Week-End Tickets to Morecambe, Grange, Windermere,
Ambleside, &c., from certain stations.*

ISLE OF MAN.

The new turbine steamer "Manxman,"
accommodating 1600 passengers
and steaming 23 knots, sails daily
between Heysham and Douglas
(Sundays excepted).

Express Trains from London and all
parts of the Midland system
arrive and depart alongside the
steamer at Heysham.

Additional Sailings on Saturdays and
Mondays during the height of
the season.

Tourist and Week-End Tickets to Douglas from certain stations.

NORTH OF IRELAND.

Magnificent new twin-screw and tur-
bine steamers sail daily (Sundays
excepted) between Heysham and
Belfast, in direct connection with
the Midland Company's Northern
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Belfast to the coast resorts of
Antrim, Derry, and Donegal.

Tourist and Circular Tour Tickets.

SCOTLAND.

Through the valleys of the Ribble
and the Eden. The Glasgow
Expresses traverse the haunts of
Robert Burns, and the Edinburgh
Expresses the Waverley District,
which includes Abbotsford,
Melrose Abbey, Dryburgh, and
other places made famous by the
pen of Sir Walter Scott.

Forth Bridge Route to the North of
Scotland.

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Cook and Son's Offices; or to Mr. J. ELLIOTT, Superintendent of the Line, Derby, for
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Derby, 1905.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.



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WITHOUT the assistance of Paderewski,
Moszkowski, Strauss, Bauer, Chaminade,
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Pianola could not do this; but because these
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church Congress programme is now partly completed, and the promoters have arranged for a very interesting set of papers. The Bishop of London and Lord Chelmsford will be the principal speakers at the Working Men's meeting, to be held on Oct. 2 in the Jubilee Hall, Weymouth. The reception by the municipality takes place on Tuesday, Oct. 3, and the official sermons are to be preached by the Bishops of London, Durham, and Rochester.

The Bishop of Southwark is appealing for the endowment of the new Suffragan sees of Woolwich and Kingston. He has appointed the two Bishops on the very modest stipends of £500 a year each, and they have accepted the posts with the utmost generosity "upon a guarantee for two years of the necessary income by a small number of leading Churchmen." This, as Dr. Talbot points out, is merely intended as a provisional makeshift to prevent delay, and a committee of laymen are working hard to raise a permanent endowment.

The Master of Trinity (Dr. Butler) is to preside over the luncheon which will be given next Wednesday to the delegates of the Baptist World Congress in Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Before visiting Cambridge the party will travel to Elstow and Bedford, in order to see the places connected with John Bunyan.

Dr. Chase, the newly appointed Bishop of Ely, became Principal of the Clergy Training School at Cambridge in 1887, and held this post until his appointment in 1901 to the headship of Queen's College. He has contradicted the report that he at one time offered himself to the Church Missionary Society as tutor of its college. In 1902 Dr. Chase was elected Vice-

Chancellor of Cambridge University. Mrs. Chase is a daughter of the late Rev. G. Armitage, Vicar of St. Paul's, Gloucester.

An Anglican mission on an extensive scale is to be held in London during the winter. Prebendary Stuart, speaking last week at Sion College, said the plan was

The clergy have shown themselves very sympathetic towards this scheme for reaching the non-churchgoing classes.

The recently appointed Vicar of Leeds refers to his approaching departure in a letter to his parishioners at Lewisham. "Pastoral work," says Mr. Bickersteth, "is really my chief joy"; and he adds, "I can see how many thousands God has permitted me to know well, and to guide along the way which leads to everlasting life." Mr. Bickersteth hopes to continue his work at Lewisham until Aug. 6.

The Bishop of Winchester had hoped to visit the Channel Islands in the winter of 1904, but serious illness prevented his journey. He is now taking a fortnight's holiday on the Islands, where he has received a very hearty welcome from all classes.

A fine new organ has been erected in St. Peter's Church, Bayswater, at a cost of £2000. The entire sum has been subscribed by the congregation. The Bishop of London, who dedicated the organ, congratulated the members on their public spirit. V.

By an unfortunate mishap in numbering, our last week's portraits of the Gordon-Bennett competitors contained several wrong descriptions. The correct names and numbers are: 1. Jenatzy, 2. Lancia, 3. Werner, 4. Dingley, 5. Braun, 6. Burton, 7. Lytle, 8. Duray, 9. De Caters, 10. Théry (winner), 11. Cagno, 12. Cailliois, 13. Nazzari, 14. Earp, 15. Bianchi, 16. Rolls.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, the old-established wine merchants of Regent Street, London, have had the honour of being appointed purveyors to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan. The Imperial Warrant was issued from Tokio and dated May 15, 1905.



Photo. Phillips, Peebles.

THE SCENE OF ONE HUNDRED VISITORS' ESCAPE FROM FIRE: PEEBLES HYDROPATHIC, BURNT DOWN JULY 7.

On the night of July 7 Peebles Hydropathic, a great building which cost £100,000, was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The outbreak began in the kitchen chimney, ignited a beam in the upper storey, and set the whole top flat ablaze. One hundred visitors were in the Hydropathic at the time, but all were got out safely.

to hold services at three centres on the six Sunday evenings preceding Advent. The Grand Theatre, Islington, has been engaged, and meetings will also be held at Oxford House and at a hall in the West End.

By  Silver Smiths
Special Appointment to H.M. The King.

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WARING & GILLOW, Ltd.

The eighth Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of Waring and Gillow, Ltd., was held on Friday afternoon at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, Moorgate Place, E.C., Mr. S. J. Waring, Junior, presiding. The usual notice convening the meeting having been read, the Chairman said—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—My first and pleasant duty is to congratulate you on the satisfactory results of the Company's business for 1904, which shows a profit, before providing Income Tax, Directors' Fees, and Interest, of £131,551. This profit enables us to pay the 7 per cent. dividend on the ordinary shares, to put £15,000 to reserve (which will then amount to £115,000), and to carry forward a balance of £13,585 to the current year.

A CONSISTENTLY PROGRESSIVE BUSINESS.

These results show that the progressive character of our enterprise, which has always been one of its distinguishing features, is being fully maintained. The year under review was by no means a generally active one for British trade, and the fact that we did so well, notwithstanding the prevalent dullness, may be taken as an indication that we have built upon sure foundations. I may point out that the growth of the annual profits has been continuous. In 1900 the amount, before the deduction of the charges I have referred to, was £77,155; in 1901, £86,201; in 1902, £101,927; in 1903, £119,983; and in 1904, £131,551; the last two items including the dividends received in connection with the Company's holding of ordinary shares in Hampton and Sons, Limited.

LAST YEAR'S SUCCESSES.

It will be seen by the report that we were engaged during 1904 in a number of important contracts, many of which—especially the Sultan of Turkey's yacht, the Waldorf and Lyceum Theatres, and the work entrusted to us at the new Savoy Hotel—have won the most favourable opinions of the Press. With our exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair we carried off two Grand Prizes for Furniture and Decoration, besides Gold Medals for Sanitation, Upholstery, etc.; and we have good grounds for hoping, from the work already placed in our hands, that the impression made will bear fruit in the United States now that they have realised the artistic possibilities of refinement and simplicity in the decorative treatment of their homes.

WARING AND GILLOW'S NEW LONDON PREMISES.

The inadequacy and scattered positions of our present London shop-space have hitherto to some extent handicapped our efforts. These are disadvantages, however, which will speedily disappear. Most of you, I suppose, have seen the handsome new building which is being erected for our occupation in Oxford Street, and which is rapidly approaching completion. It is perhaps superfluous to say anything about a structure which,

so far as its exterior goes, speaks eloquently for itself. It would be difficult—may I not say impossible?—to name a building directly associated with commerce that has attracted so large an amount of artistic interest and been so universally admired. Its dignified and commanding features have elicited the ungrudging praise of the public and the Press. I do not think the Board will be accused of undue vanity if they claim to have done something to help to beautify London. At any rate, we have erected a convincing architectural illustration of that intimate connection between art and commerce which it has been our constant aim from the outset to foster.

THE AIM OF THE NEW DEVELOPMENT.

We hope, in these new premises, to assist public taste in the choice of beautiful domestic surroundings, and to bring within the reach of all classes the possibility of artistic excellence in the English Home. We have had to contend with many obstacles and difficulties, but the goal is now in sight, and we hope soon to show you an emporium that has no parallel, to which you can go in the conviction that you will be well treated and fairly dealt by, and where you will get the best value for your money. The large additional space at our disposal will enable us to greatly extend our business by the introduction of many new departments connected with the equipment of a house, for which our present premises have not been sufficiently large. We shall start with all the departments and stocks absolutely up to date; everything will be selected with a special regard for sound construction and artistic design; and alike in quality and price we shall occupy a unique position, bringing our artistic knowledge and extraordinary mechanical resources to bear on every household requisite, so as to produce well-designed results at a cost which, so far as I know, will have no parallel in Great Britain.

It will be our constant endeavour to secure and keep, in this new departure, that complete public confidence which only good style and good workmanship, combined with moderate prices, can permanently retain. Special consideration will be given to customers who are restricted to a limited expenditure. I desire to emphasise this point of inexpensiveness. The householder will find in our new premises not only everything he wants, but everything at competitive prices; and at the same time we shall spare no effort to maintain the high repute of the firm for those qualities of taste, harmony, and proportion which it has consistently and with some success endeavoured to illustrate. With such a programme and with such greatly increased facilities, it is quite reasonable to look forward to a commensurate expansion of business.

This expansion will naturally necessitate an issue of further Capital, which will be offered for subscription forthwith. I need hardly say that in the allotment of this Capital special consideration will be given to the applications of shareholders and customers.

You will be pleased to hear that the whole of the Debenture issue made by the Company on its formation

has now been repaid, so that the only Debentures now outstanding consist of the Irredeemable First Mortgage Debenture Stock.

THE CURRENT YEAR'S BUSINESS.

Although our attention has been largely occupied with the immense amount of detail-work in connection with the new premises, nothing has been left undone to advance the interests and prosperity of the Company. As stated in the report, we have on hand, amongst many other important contracts, work on H.M.S. *Renown* for the Prince and Princess of Wales's Indian trip; a yacht for H.H. the Khedive of Egypt; a new palace for the Maharajah of Kapurthala, which for refinement and practicability will create a new standard amongst the palaces of India, and of which I may say that it will not be an illustration of the aggressively gaudy styles of British art which Lord Curzon deprecates in India; the interior of a new train for the Grand Duke Constantine; the Hamburg - American liner *Amerika*, one of the largest, if not the largest, vessels afloat, which will surpass anything previously carried out in ship-decoration; the offices of the International Mercantile Marine Company, Cockspar Street; and many other important contracts; and I am happy to add that our general trade during the current year shows a considerable expansion, which is indicated by the fact that we have now on our books the names of over 35,000 customers.

In the business we represent here to-day, we may at least claim progression, for the contracts we have carried out and have in hand in France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Spain, Egypt, Greece, the Argentine, Turkey, India, South Africa, and America demonstrate that the world recognises the influence of British art.

I am glad to be able to congratulate you on the past and the present, and to assure you of your Board's complete confidence in the progress and prosperity of the Company's future. Your directors and every member of the staff, down to the humblest worker, are looking forward with enthusiasm to our migration from the present London branches to the new premises, where, "with ample room and verge enough," we shall aspire to make felt an even more enduring influence than we have yet done upon the artistic and industrial activity of the twentieth century.

The Chairman moved that the balance-sheet for the year 1904, together with the report of the Directors, be adopted. This was seconded by Mr. Popham, and carried unanimously. At the motion of Mr. Assinder, seconded by Mr. P. Hastings, the retiring Directors Mr. S. J. Waring and Mr. S. J. Waring, jun.—were unanimously re-elected. The Auditors of the Company, Messrs. Franklin, Wild and Co., were re-elected on the motion of Mr. H. H. D. Anderson, seconded by Mr. Popham. A vote of thanks to the Chairman, carried with the greatest enthusiasm, terminated the proceedings.



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ART NOTES.

The appearance of an unfamiliar "Titian" in London is a rare event, and an exciting one to the lover and student of painting. At Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery in Pall Mall may be seen a portrait of the notorious Pietro Aretino, whose beard and weighty aspect of age would almost redeem his reputation. But Titian did not set out to excuse, justify, or even explain his sitter; nor did he bury his character under that panoply of Venetian sumptuousness that was so soon to hide the essential facts in Venetian art. He painted merely the features of "Aretino the Divine," setting down the notable alertness of the eye, the strenuous and unkindly lip, the broad spaces of deep-tinged flesh, the profound tone of the hair, the bulk of the body—and all with an unbiassed view, except that for Titian the human countenance and a human presence were noble things. No portrait of his might be mean or any subject of his quite unworthy; he was the optimist of paint.

A first sight of this portrait is disappointing almost to the verge of our discrediting its great origin. Perhaps this feeling is a necessary one whenever we suddenly come into the presence of a hitherto unknown work of any master. The name has meant so much to us; we are prepared for the excellent qualities of him whose picture we are about to see, so that no single canvas can quite feast us as our hunger demands. This portrait of Aretino is hard in modelling, the features repel by their definition. Only with study do the subtleties of tone and the intimate passages of the flesh-painting reveal themselves. We know many judges who felt the same on first seeing the recently acquired "Ariosto" at the National Gallery.

There has already been considerable agitation in support of the purchase for the nation of this last-arrived Titian; but were such agitations always regarded, the small grant for the making of the national collection would be many times expended. And so soon after the liberal purchase of the "Ariosto," the nation's next

ordinary visitor to the collections of Italy. It has been strangely unremarked in its three centuries of existence, but it has long been supposed that Titian did more than the well-known portrait of Aretino in another collection, for there is record of a letter from the sitter to the artist complaining that some decoration has been omitted in his portrait—a letter which evidently does not refer to the sufficiently robed and ceremonial painting that has long been before the public. No student should miss the opportunity afforded by Messrs. Colnaghi of viewing a portrait which is at least a splendid portrait painted at a great moment in the history of art.

At the Leicester Galleries two minor exhibitions of water-colours make their principal claim on our attention by reason of their subject-matter—Mr. Talbot Kelly's drawings of Burma (a country not overrun by the sketcher), and Mr. Walter Tyndale's of Wessex, a tract undefined on the map of England, but nevertheless as real a locality as Surrey or Somerset. Mr. Thomas Hardy has made Wessex a most convincing reality, drawing word-pictures of English earth and skies, of English harvests and sowings, of English rain and English sun, that it would be difficult for the sister art of painting to equal. But Mr. Tyndale has not been so ambitious. He has merely attempted to make an historical record of the scenery of Mr. Hardy's novels, and this he has done with a fair share of exactitude. And he must have been a happy man when one day last November Mr. Hardy came upon him, a stranger, painting among falling autumn leaves some favourite Wessex nook, and when the novelist stopped to praise his illustrator's work.

W. M.



"THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN": THE CADBURY GARDEN-PARTY AT BOURNVILLE.

The employés of Messrs. Cadbury Brothers, Limited, and their friends, to the number of 5000 people, held their annual summer party in their Garden City, Bournville, the other day. A capital programme of athletics was gone through to the accompaniment of excellent music supplied by the Bournville orchestra. It is hardly necessary to say that the strangers privileged to attend came away marvelling at the manner in which Messrs. Cadbury's employés are studied, and the many facilities for enjoyment that are given them.

concern should be to secure a great example of Tintoretto's noble portraiture. Nevertheless, it is difficult to say that such a portrait as this of Aretino should be let escape that great cage of masterpieces in Trafalgar Square. The portrait comes from the collection of Prince Chigi, in whose private apartments it is said to have hung, thus eluding the

this he has done with a fair share of exactitude. And he must have been a happy man when one day last November Mr. Hardy came upon him, a stranger, painting among falling autumn leaves some favourite Wessex nook, and when the novelist stopped to praise his illustrator's work.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OLIVER TWIST." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Obviously Mr. Tree was born to present a stage-portrait of Fagin, that crafty and fiendish old Jew of Dickens's vivid imagining; and last Monday night, by way of winding up his current season, the actor-manager of His Majesty's characteristically produced, for one performance only, a new dramatic version, prepared by Mr. Comyns Carr, of the story of "Oliver Twist," in which Fagin, as trainer of thieves and persecutor of poor Oliver, is, of course, the central figure. It is never easy to adapt Dickens to the stage, for, since his power of creating characters, those marvellously picturesque and fantastic figures which live for all time in a world of their own, was in excess of his gift of plot-making, the compression required in the playhouse, while it cannot impair the vitality of his creations, shows up in high relief the conventionality of his schemes. But, on the whole, Mr. Carr has performed his task of dramatisation skilfully enough, wisely confining his main action to the thieves' school, and alternating this with glimpses of Rose Maylie and her mother and amiable Mr. Brownlow at Chertsey. In a word, "Oliver Twist" becomes a melodrama, containing not over-much humour but plenty of blood-curdling scenes, wherein Fagin and Bill Sikes and Nancy play lead and the Artful Dodger and his comrades act as chorus. At His Majesty's, Mr. Lyn Harding's strenuous, if perhaps too little brutal Bill Sikes, Miss Constance Collier's handsome and agreeably savage Nancy, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan's delightful because natural Oliver leave grateful memories; but it is Mr. Tree's red-haired, lisping, Cockney-toned Fagin, the low-down Jew to the very life, which produces the strongest impression—the more so as the actor, while

crooning a mock-lullaby over Oliver, and, again, watching with a lighted candle outside the scene of the murder, introduces some highly imaginative touches.

"AYLMER'S SECRET," ETC., AT THE ADELPHI. The Adelphi company, so largely composed of old Bensonians, have given place to Mr. Benson himself,

as did Frankenstein's inventor, the application of his discovery. Unlike Mr. Burke, this Aylmer creates life by the romantic means of an "elixir"; unlike him, too, he starts not at the bottom of creation, but at its crowning achievement, man. Along with life, Aylmer's "creature" obtains miraculously a knowledge of English blank verse, and, to its maker's horror, employs its eloquence in making love to his daughter; but conveniently for him it saves him from imbruing his hands in its blood by yielding up its life as valueless if unaccompanied by love. Besides constantly skirting the line which divides the sublime from the ridiculous, Mr. Phillips's little play is singularly undramatic, being a mere string of rhetorical tirades. Unfortunately, too, it is not well cast; since while Mr. Ainley is impressive as the "creature," Mr. Benson's monotonous sing-song does not suit the part of Aylmer. Nor is the Adelphi rendering of "The Comedy of Errors" too adequate.

"THE AXIS," AND
"WHERE THE CROWS
GATHERED."

An amiable and promising little comedy followed by a lurid and long-winded but still interesting piece of melodrama—such is the new bill Miss Ethel Irving offers at the Criterion Theatre. And if, on their first-night production, Mr. Cyril Harcourt's bright little play, "The Axis," thanks to its adroit use of such a plot as brought about the union of Beatrice and Benedick, gave its audience unstinted pleasure, while the sombre story which Mr. Stephen Bond bases on an old superstition that trouble has always fallen upon a

house "Where the Crows Gathered," left a certain feeling of depression, this was largely due to the fact that Miss Irving, an actress with an unrivalled comedy style, attacked an emotional rôle which was beyond her powers. It is the part of "a beautiful and famous courtesan,"



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whose programme consists of Shakspeare's "Comedy of Errors," abridged, and a grotesque play of Mr. Stephen Phillips's in three scenes, entitled "Aylmer's Secret." Mr. Phillips's latest hero is a student, or rather alchemist, who discovers the secret of life; and repents,

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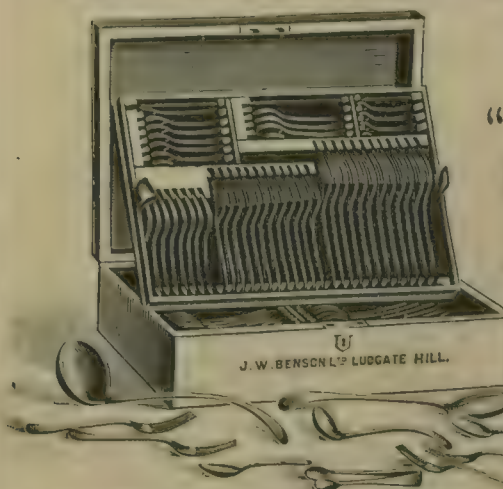
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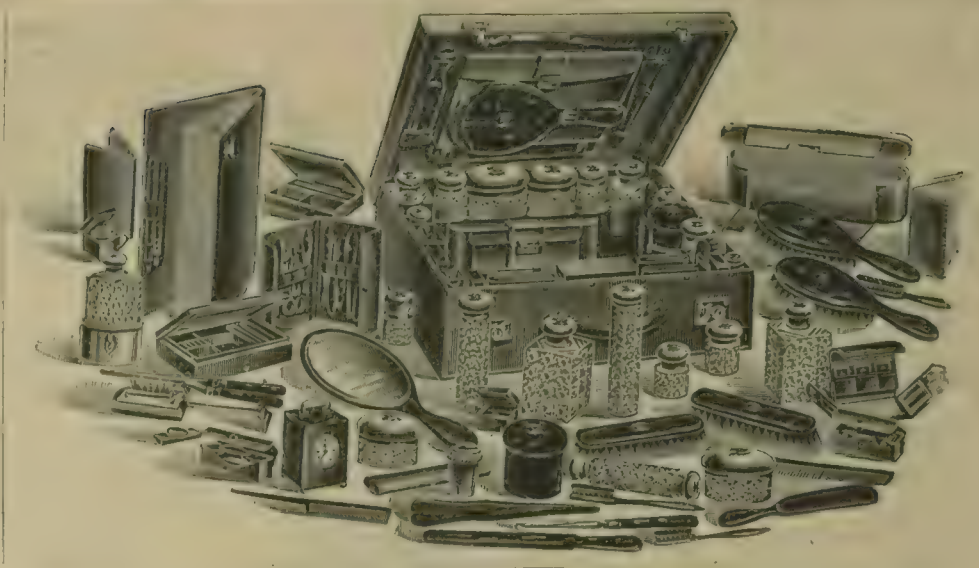
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who raves over her murdered lover's body and dies at his side; and Miss Irving's declamation was too extravagant, too jerky, and too mechanical, just as her poses were too mannered and unnatural. On the other hand, there was a certain welcome neatness and breadth of manner about the acting of Mr. France, Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Scott Buist, and, needless to say, of Miss Marie Illington in "The Axis."

At a time when foreign trade competition is so keen, it is exceedingly gratifying to find important orders coming from the Continent to England. A short time ago Waring and Gillow were entrusted with the principal decorations of the steamship *Amerika* for the Hamburg-America line. This order has now been followed by another from the same company—Messrs. Waring and Gillow having been just commissioned to do a considerable portion of the decoration on the *Kaiserin Augusta*, which will probably be the most beautiful floating palace on the seas. These orders illustrate in a marked way the influence of British industrial art abroad.



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THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

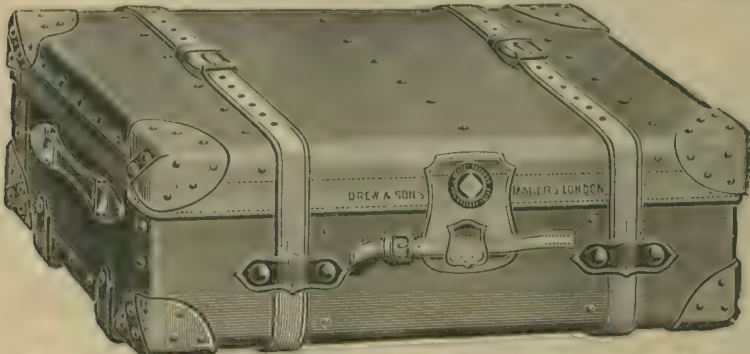
The spoils to the victors! The occupation of the island of Sakhalien by the Japanese on Saturday last is the latest exemplification of the influence of sea-power. It is only natural that, as has been frequently pointed out by naval writers, the ownership of islands in disputed waters should fall to the victors at sea. A squadron appeared off the island on July 7, and next day a landing party seized Korsakovsk, driving the Russians northward, and it is probable that by the time this is in the hands of our readers the sovereignty over the island which was so unscrupulously obtained in 1857 will have passed again into the hands of the naval victors in the Battle of the Sea of Japan. The garrison can be but small, and, as the Japanese squadron was accompanied by ten transports, the force landed will assuredly be adequate to establish itself in effective possession of the island. The importance of this success is very great. In the first place, the fact that Russian territory has been invaded and seized will not only have

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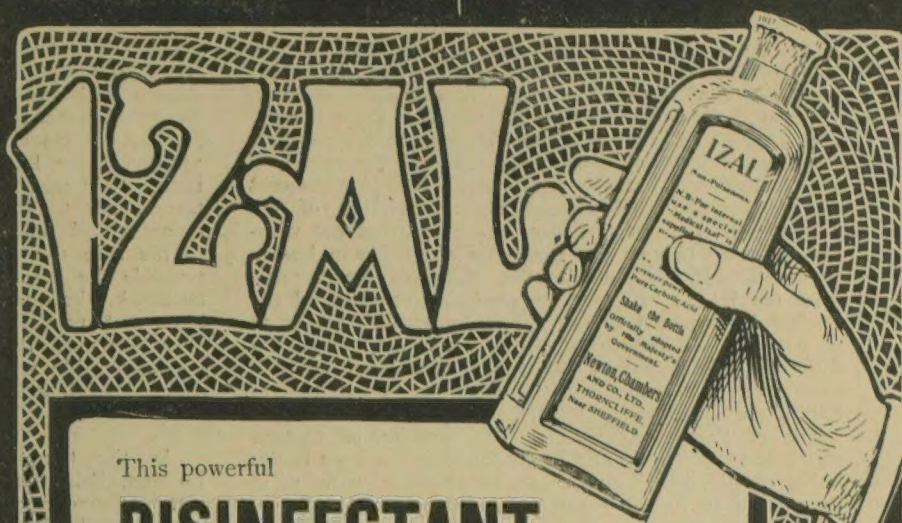
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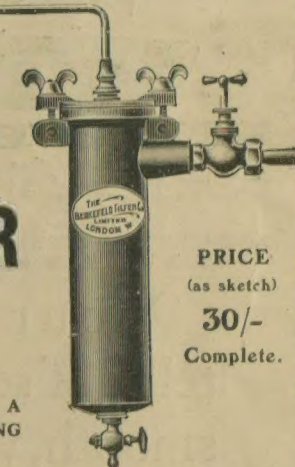
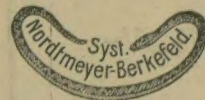
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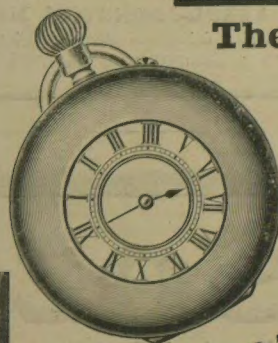
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a great effect in St. Petersburg, but also in the eyes of the Orientals who are so closely watching the movements of the combatants. Strategically also the capture of the island is of great moment, since it completes the chain of islands from Formosa in the south to the Frozen Sea, and commands not only the mouth of the Amur River but the ports which Russia possesses on the mainland. Moreover, the completion of the invasion of Russian territory can be carried out without reducing in any way the force which Japan has in the field. It is clear that the Mikado's Government does not intend to grant an armistice or suspend the further development of the campaign until Japan is in a position to impose a peace upon her own conditions. The dispatches of General Linievitch make it abundantly clear that, at the time the occupation of Sakhalien was being carried out as an immediate result of the naval victory, the activity of Oyama was being resumed. The Japanese have not been in the habit of permitting sentiment to interfere with what they deem to be the right course of action; but now, as in the recapture of Port Arthur, they must feel some very natural pleasure at having turned the tables upon their enemy and recovered territory which was wrested from their grasp by a policy of cupidity, duplicity, and greed. While the operations in Sakhalien are unlikely to furnish any lessons of military

importance, we may assuredly expect that politically the island will be brought under Japanese administration with the same thoroughness which has been shown in Korea.

The curious and dramatic termination of the naval mutiny in the Black Sea affords another proof of the lack of organisation existing in the Russian revolutionary party. If there had only been a man to take command of the rebel war-ship he might have drawn to his side the other units of the fleet, and made possible the beginning of a civil war. As it is, this outbreak, like others which have occurred, can have no important result, and merely makes it clearer than ever that until the revolutionary leaders can win over a considerable part of the army they cannot hope to succeed against the policy of bayonets.

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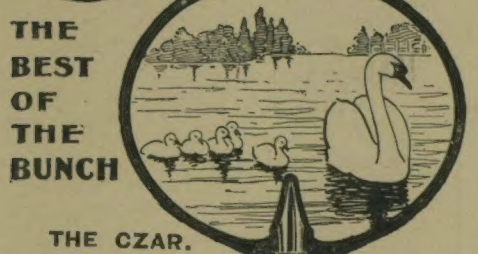
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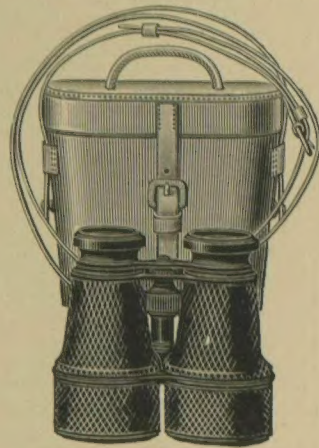
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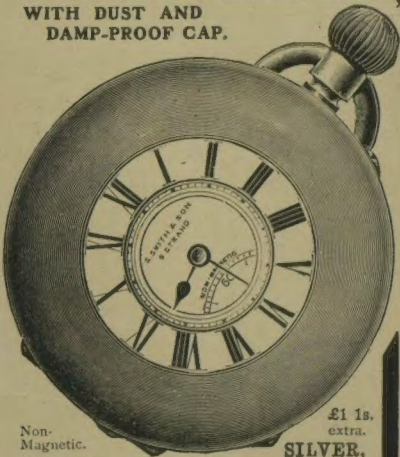
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 15, 1905) of MR. FRANCIS YATES, of Aysgarth, Avenue Elmers, Surbiton, who died on May 5, was proved on June 29, the value of the estate being £120,701. The testator gives £300 per annum each to his sons, Francis Henry and John, and £200 per annum each to his daughters, Ethel, Marguerite, Amy, Lilian, and Marion, during the life of their mother; £250 each to his executors; and £1000 and the income from the residuary estate to his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Yates. Subject thereto, he leaves one seventh each to his sons and one seventh each, in trust, for his daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1898), with five codicils, of GEORGINA BARONESS BLOOMFIELD, of Bramfield House, Hertford, who died on May 21, was proved on June 29 by Thomas Arthur Fitzhardinge Kingscote and Victor Alexander Williamson, the value of the property being £58,144. The testatrix gives various articles of

jewellery, and letters and papers, given to her by the late Queen Victoria and Queen Amélie of the French, to her nephew, Lord Ravensworth, to devolve as heirlooms with the family estates; a locket with a diamond star, containing the hair of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, to the Princess of Wales; a Dresden china group to Augusta, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; a locket containing the hair of the King and Queen of Hanover, and a miniature of the King of Hanover, to the Duchess of Cumberland; £500 to the Clergy Aid Society; and £500 to the Bishop of London's Fund. After the payment of many legacies, she leaves the residue of her property to Captain Randolph Albert Fitzhardinge Kingscote, Leonard Sartoris, and Edith, Countess Lytton.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1904) of the REV. FRANCIS GODOLPHIN, FIFTH EARL OF CHICHESTER, of Stanmere, Lewes, who died on April 21, was proved on June 30 by Jocelyn Brudenell, now sixth Earl of

Chichester, the son, the value of the property being £31,224. The testator leaves the arrears of income and all his personal estate to his wife, Alice Carr, Countess of Chichester.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1854), with two codicils, of MR. JOHN SPENCER, of Whorlton Hall, Northumberland, steel manufacturer, who died on April 29, has been proved by John Watson Spencer and the Rev. William Spencer, the sons, the gross value of the real and personal estate being £370,074. Subject to an annuity of £1200 to his wife, Mrs. Matilda Spencer, the testator leaves all his property to his children.

It will be remembered that King Alfonso made a memorable shopping visit in a motor-car to Bond Street, the car taking fire. As a pleasant result of this visit, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Ltd., have had the honour of receiving the appointment of jewellers and silversmiths to H.M. the King of Spain.

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